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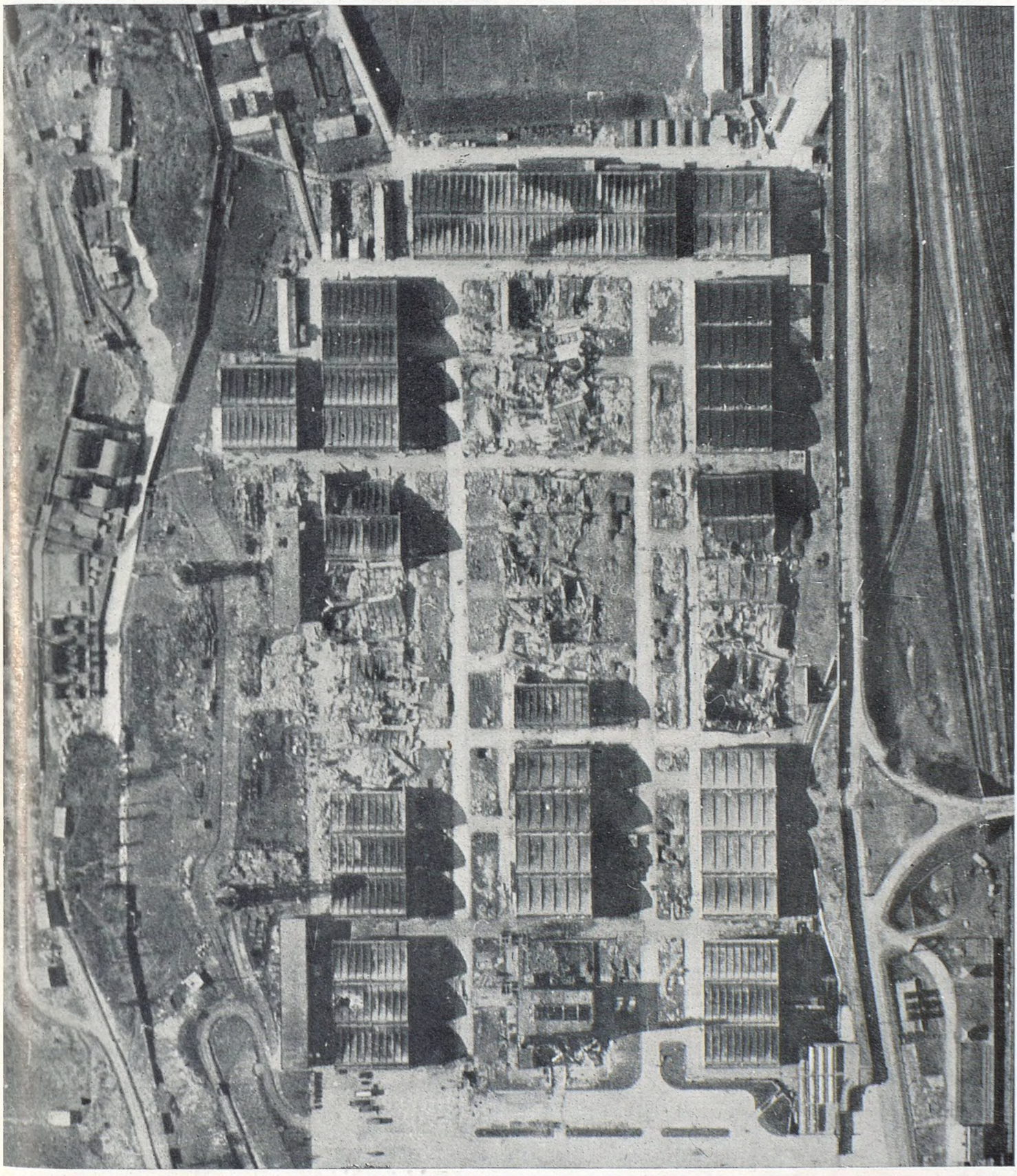

WHAT THE NEW 12,000-lb. "FACTORY BUSTER" BOMBS CAN DO: A PICTURE TAKEN AFTER THE BOMBER COMMAND RAID ON THE GNOME-LE RHONE ENGINE WORKS AT LIMOGES ON FEBRUARY 8, showing the terrific damage wrought by the 5½-ton bombs, the largest yet known in air warfare

A few days ago the Air Ministry revealed that Bomber Command is now making use of colossal 12,000-lb., or 5½-ton, "factory-busting" bombs against certain selected targets. These are by far the biggest yet known in air warfare. The Air Ministry also disclosed that a few of these new weapons were used by a small force of Lancasters to bring down the greater part of the very large Gnome-le Rhone aero-engine works at Limoges on the night of February 8, 1944. The picture reproduced here shows what happened to this important factory as a result of the raid, and demonstrates the destructive power of the new bombs. All the machine-shops, the boiler-house and transformer station were destroyed or damaged. The machine-shops, housed in nine medium-sized multi-bay buildings and one large multi-bay building, have suffered very severely. Twenty-one bays out of a total of forty-eight have been completely destroyed, and of the remainder three are seen to be severely damaged and seventeen to have roof displacement. One building of the boiler-house and transformer station is destroyed and the roof lights of the boiler-house broken. The Limoges plant was built in 1939 to serve as one of the four main repair depots for the French Air Force, and it had only just begun to produce at the time of the fall of France. Early in 1943 it was put under German management

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 236

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Use or Waste of Powers ?

—It is a long time since May 22, 1940. That day was recalled to me by reading Vincent Sheean's interesting *Between the Thunder and the Sun*. It was his first visit to the House of Commons. He had hoped to hear Mr. Churchill, but the Premier was in France. Mr. Attlee rose instead to "present a law which sounded like social revolution. It was, and remains, the most comprehensive assumption of powers ever made by a modern democratic Government." Under this law—a single sentence passed through all stages at a single sitting—the State could do anything it chose, subject only to formal censorship by the House. Conscription of labour, the Essential Works Order, seizure of houses and lands, progressive taxation of capital, and so on. Mr. H. G. Wells summed it up tersely: "The revolution in England has now begun." It was true. It had begun and has progressed, and in part it was due to this "single sentence." Yet, in fact, that revolution could have been accomplished without this law. This law was not used in one direction in which most of us assumed that it would be, and could properly be, used. The "conscription of labour" has even now made little progress in vital directions and what then seemed obvious directions. Was this due to Government hesitancy or to the "formal censorship" of the House ?

The Two Nations.—

The query occurs to me when I read of strikes and threats of strikes by miners, railwaymen, and so on, now as always, and when I read of the "financial impossibility" of improving the pay of our fighting forces. It seems odd (doesn't it ?) that (having these freely-voted powers) the Government never ventured to use them at that psychological opportunity in 1940, when by a courageous stroke and with the backing of a great majority opinion, the whole able-bodied community could have been welded into one pool of labour—some to fight and die in the fox-holes and cockpits and gun-turrets, some to dig coal, some to turn out shells, tanks and planes, some to run offices and transport, and all the rest of the war activities, and every worker to be treated without distinction as regards financial benefits and post-war opportunity, and all to be subject to the same discipline, all assured of adequate means to support life for the duration of the national crisis, and no more. "And they received every man a penny." Having regard to those powers—those enormous powers—freely given, the stranger in our midst might well express surprise that they were so gently used in a vital direction and so boldly used in one less vital (18B, for example). But then, of course, the stranger would not comprehend the intricate pattern of British politics nor guess the mighty force of trade-unionism as it has affected the powers and decisions of any form of British Government in the last half-century. May 22, 1940, is a day to remember whenever you read of new threats and strikes in industry and scan the latest casualty lists from the fronts. Small wonder if cynicism sometimes breaks in, and tempers grow short when Army grievances are debated.

Just a Little Longer.—

This is the inexorable logic of the hour, as I see it. If this war is to be won this year, it will be the energy and the selflessness and the sheer white-hot will of the Allies in combination, nationally and internationally, that alone can do it. If it be not won this year, we shall still fight on to victory, but I am persuaded that thereafter there will not be much of what is still worth saving in civilisation to save. It will be a hollow victory. The total evil of war now prints its evidence on the world's face, as it is printed on the face of every acquaintance we see. The lamps are being turned down all over the world; the spirit is running short. Standards of morality, of order, of discipline, are falling lower. Faith, hope, even courage in some instances, are failing, as war weariness increases. And if these manifestations are to be observed in the green tree of nations still in a sense free, what of the dry, the enslaved and overrun countries ? We have slaved and toiled for nearly five years to save ourselves and other free peoples from thraldom, and we have reached a ledge from which a reasonable chance to reach the top is offered. Can any sane man hesitate to throw more concentrated effort after those five years; or choose such a moment as this to look down, to look back, to hesitate, relax, recede ? Five years lie behind. Are we going to throw them away and let the harvest of those fearful years of labour rot in the fields ? Are we going to sit down and relax and quarrel and gossip while the barn doors gape, the wagons wait to be loaded, the rain clouds threaten and the harvest feast is preparing ? The logic of it is as simple as this, and as clear. Are we indeed such nitwits ? God forbid.

Dangers of Rat Bait.—

It may be (as the American Air Chiefs continue to broadcast) that 50, 60, 70 per cent. of the Nazi plane production is now liquidated; it *may* be that 200 bombers are the sum of the Nazi air fleet available to bomb Britain, and that that sum is now reduced to 150. But how the devil do they *know* ? How often in the past have British and American estimates been absurdly upset, and pundits worn the fool's cap ? What *is* true is this: so long as our two democracies are composed of great majorities whose educational standards induce them to believe that every printed word is gospel and every semi-official broadcast is officially-held creed, just so long will a very heavy responsibility rest on those who control propaganda designed for the enemy or for neutral ears, or designed for any other purpose well intended. As with rat-poison, the bait *may* be gobbled down by domestic animals as well as by the rats. My own view of air propaganda is too well known to readers to justify reiteration. I have always believed that our airmen can manage their own publicity and advertise to the public, the enemy and the world the power of their blows and their virtues by the weight of those blows alone. Their courage and skill need no wordy trumpets. But the authorities think otherwise; and mercifully the British public, if obsessed with the value and authority of phrases, is tough, and in the main its gullibility is conditioned by realism, horse-sense, patience and philosophy; and, above all, by senses of humour and justice. Berlin has had a bellyful, and that bellyful has been pretty well advertised over here ! Bombing is a tough, ugly game, inviting rough-house (however you wrap it up). It would be a poor sporting spirit among Londoners if they complained of a mild counter or two. And they *don't*. By a vast majority, they cry "Lay on, Mac-Duff"—and be damned.

Ration It.—

My daily correspondence gives me convincing evidence that what strikes me strikes all sorts and conditions. Every journalist wonders at times, as he blunders through the fog, whether he is the only traveller on the road, whether he is seeing things (or not seeing things) from a solitary angle. Just now, my sharpest reaction is revolt against the plethora and repetition of war commentary, and most of all air warfare. It is natural, and all evidence assures me it is widespread. It is glaringly natural. For five years we have eaten four solid meals a day non-stop from the same menu, the everlasting partridge of war commentary. Small wonder if we are sick of partridge. It so happens that reports of air warfare are exceptionally liable to repetitive phrases. Words somehow cannot recapture or match the thrill, the skill, the valour of the deeds in the air, and the very repetition of the phrases creates a doubt as to the efficacy of the deeds. The deeds themselves speak loud and clear enough; the endless, wordy commentaries which accompany them swaddle up their keen edge. Long ago, in a mood of depression in 1940, a friend sent me a word of sound advice. He said: "Ration your wireless. Hear the news only once a day. You have a sharp attack of broadcasting indigestion." I took his advice and soon felt better. There *are* a few *hors-d'œuvre* on the menu besides partridge, even to-day. Cut down your solid meals and try the *hors-d'œuvre variées*. You will feel better, too. A man can't eat a pigeon a day for a fortnight on end. Is it in medical science that he can eat four a day for five years and suffer no harm in his digestion ? No, Sir. The caterers mean well, but they over-estimate our toughness. We shall need all our reserves of it in a few weeks. Let us husband those reserves.

Black-coats and Black Faces.—

March is in. It has already delivered its peck of dust, and we hope it will draw on the April account and deliver its goods in showers and sunshine and warmer nights. The coal situation is deplorable. It's an intricate subject, no doubt, and not one for the heady comments of the ignorant. But, on its face, it puts a national embargo on our right to criticise any other nation for *any* lapse of any kind from the right standards of all-out effort, patriotism and selflessness, efficiency and organisation, in the defeat of Nazism. In times of peace, the wrongs of the miners might well (for all I know) strike all of us as glaring, the bungling and myopia of Governments and owners in the past as lamentable. But in war (and *this* war), who has justice, who is entitled to expect any existence but weariness and sorrow and anxiety, sweat and blood and misery ? Who is offended and I burn not ? Who may demand special attention ? Life has always been strife and sorrow, its injustices and handicaps measured in degrees and comparatives. And what class can justly claim adjustment and reduction in degrees at home, when on a dozen fronts death and exposure reap their harvests of youth and break up homes and hearts all over the world—for ever ? It 's an odd time for wrangling over shillings, and withholding the very life blood of war production which alone can curtail and check this Pentecost of death and suffering. And what does the black-coat know of life at the coal-face ? Just as much, and as little, as the miner knows of the hardships of the quill-driver. It may be as hard to win a thousand words of newsprint in a room temperature of 49 deg. as a ton of coal at the coal-face of the deepest pit. I believe that a higher percentage of miners follow their profession by choice than does that of black-coated workers.

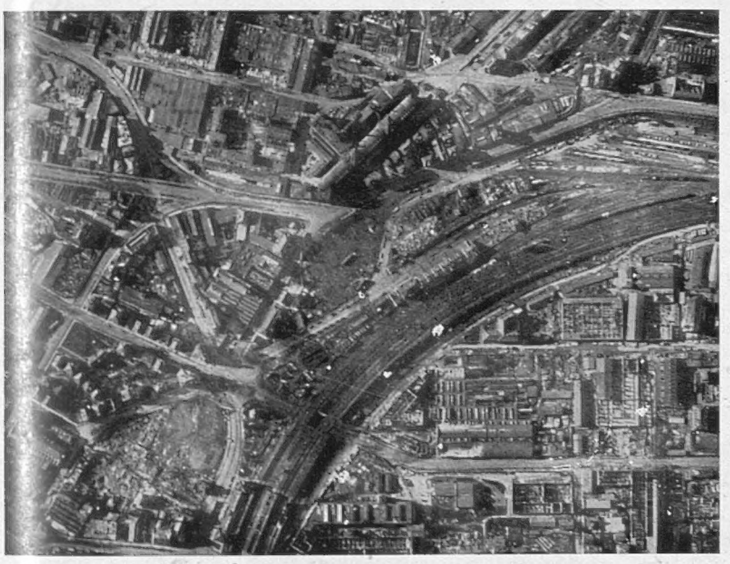
THE OLD STAGER

THE WOMAN THROUGH WHOM THE FINNS APPROACHED THE SOVIET: Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, Russian Ambassador to Stockholm: When the Finn delegation arrived in Sweden, it was through Mme. Kollontay that the approach to Moscow was made. In her earlier days one of the most beautiful women in all Russia, this lady is now seventy-two years of age. She is the daughter of a former Tsarist General; but all her life she has been a revolutionary, and the companion and friend of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and other Soviet leaders in their earlier years. Fourteen years ago she was appointed Bolshevik Minister to Sweden, the first woman ever to occupy an Ambassadorial post

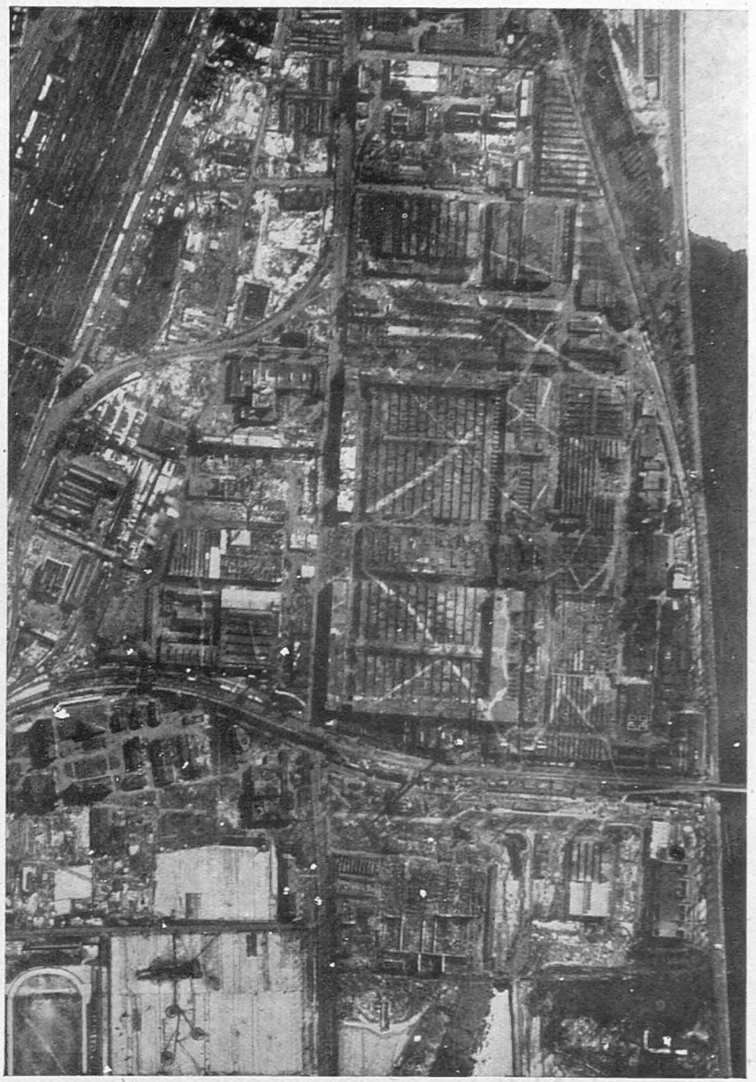
STRIKING at GERMANY'S INDUSTRIES

The Bombing of Stuttgart on the Night of February 20–21 —What the Reconnaissance Pictures Have Revealed

A FEW HOURS AFTER THE R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND ATTACK on industrially important Stuttgart on the night of February 20-21, 1944. Smoke is pouring from many buildings in the plants of Robert Bosch (magnetos and ignition equipment—top right), Leichmetallbau G.M.B.H. (sheet metal) and Wurtemburgische Elektrizitats (electrical equipment—bottom left)

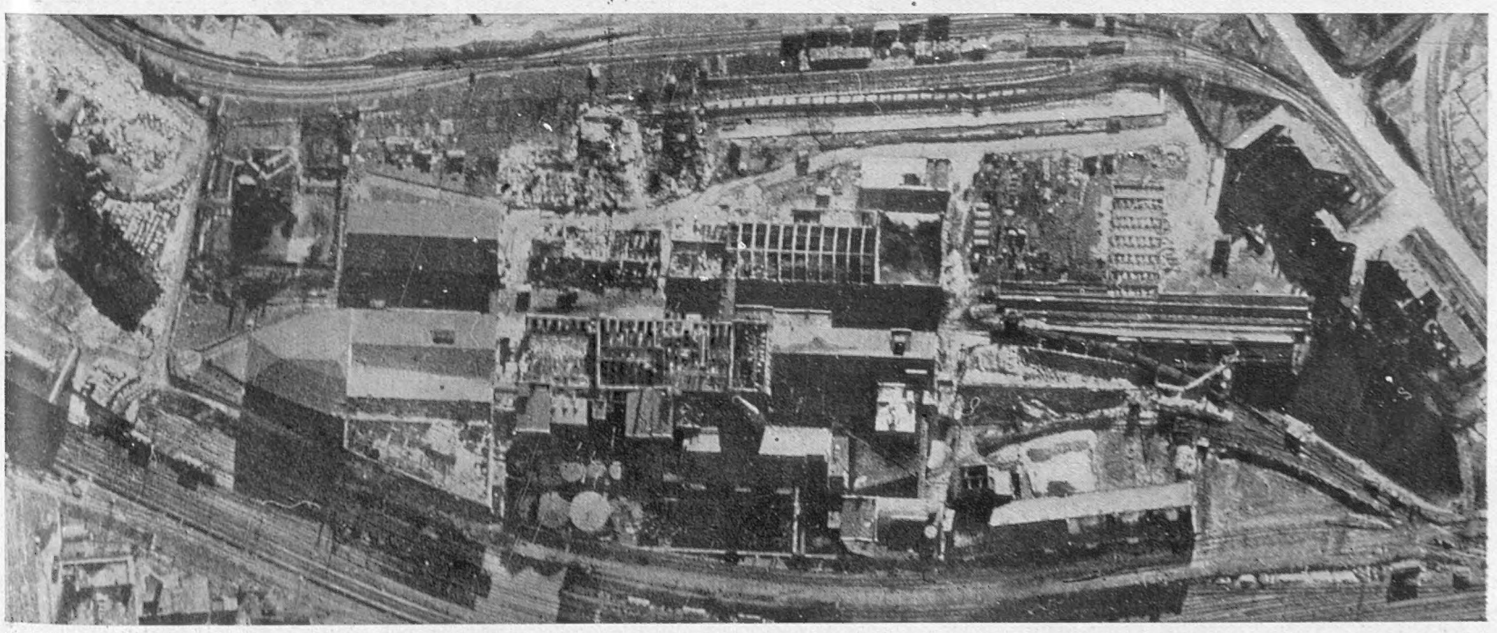


THE SAME AREA AS THE ABOVE, photographed by R.A.F. reconnaissance planes a few days later, when the fires had been subdued. The extensive damage to important industrial objectives is readily visible in the picture

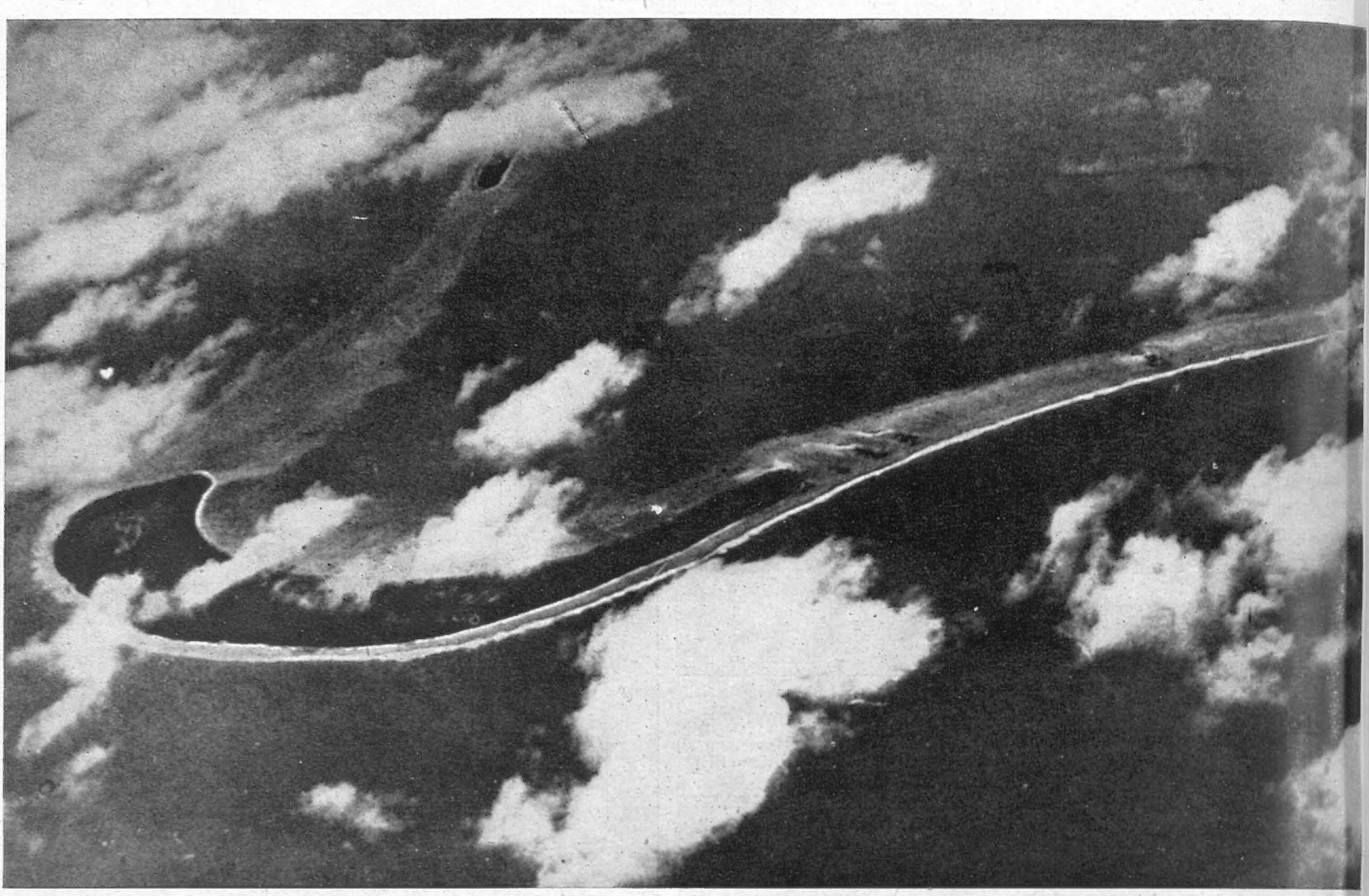


A VERY IMPORTANT TARGET IN STUTTGART. The heavily damaged—and heavily camouflaged—Daimler-Benz aero-engines works. Here, major damage was wrought by the bombers on the night of February 20 to the power-house and to many other parts of the plant

An examination of the reconnaissance pictures secured by the R.A.F. on February 21 and 24 has revealed the severity of the blow struck at important industrial objectives in Stuttgart by Bomber Command during the heavy attack carried out on the night of February 20-21 last. When the first photographs were obtained, some hours after the attack, many fires were burning—one of the fiercest being in the Robert Bosch ignition-equipment plant in the Feuerbach district. Subsequent reconnaissance photographs show that this plant—the most important in Stuttgart, and known to have been producing the bulk of all ignition equipment for Germany's aero engines—was very severely damaged. Other high-priority industrial targets extensively damaged include the Daimler-Benz A.G. aero engine and armaments plant, the Leichmetallbau G.M.B.H. (sheet-metal works), Wurtemburgische Elektrizitats A.G. (electrical equipment), the Zuckerfabrik sugar refinery and railway repair shops.



A SCENE AFTER THE RAID, as revealed by reconnaissance. A picture showing the burned-out plant of the Zuckerfabrik sugar refinery. The route to Stuttgart on the night of the 20th was cloudy, but the weather began to clear as the bombers neared the city. Over the town itself there were gaps in the cloud, and through them many pilots saw their bombs bursting



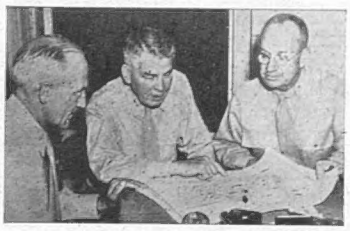
AN AIR VIEW OVER THE KWAJALEIN ATOLL, ONE OF THE MARSHALL GROUP, during the great attack launched by the Americans on January 31. The main island was soon occupied, and then it was announced that the nineteen most important of the thirty-two atolls of the Kwajalein group had been captured by the end of the week, including the two primary objectives of Kwajalein and Roi. The air attacks were carried out by Task Forces operating from aircraft-carriers off the Marshalls, but also by shore-based aircraft operating from the Gilbert group captured by the Americans only a few weeks before the Marshall attack was opened

The BATTLE for the MARSHALL ISLANDS

Attacked by the Americans in the Central Pacific at the Beginning of February

—First Pictures

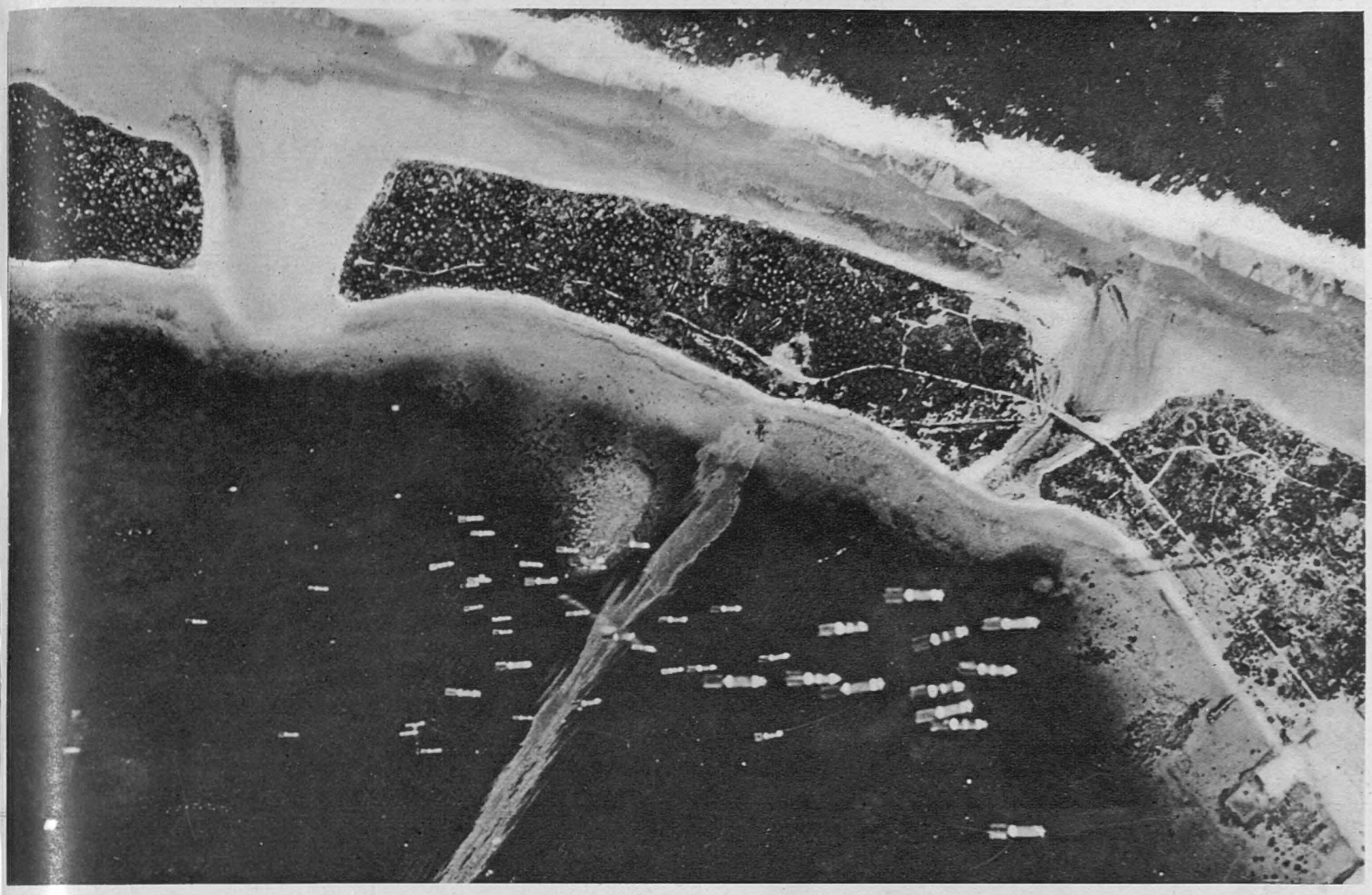
On February 1 Washington announced the opening of the American attack against the Jap-held Marshall Islands in the Central Pacific. The operation was by joint naval and air forces: landings were made in the Kwajalein and Roi areas, and a number of the islands and airfields were immediately captured. The Japs fought with their accustomed bitterness, refusing to surrender and being killed by the hundred. The strength of the many enemy installations which had to be knocked out by the U.S. forces was astonishing. In all, more than 8,000 Japanese were killed, against an American total of just under 300. During the naval and air operations, not a single Japanese warship put in an appearance.



THE MEN WHO COMMANDED: Brig.-Gen. Graves B. Erskine, Deputy Commander and Chief of Staff; Maj.-Gen. Harry Schmidt, in command of the Fourth Marine Division which captured Roi and Namur Islands; and Maj.-Gen. Holland M. Smith, Commander of Marine and Army assault troops in Kwajalein Atoll

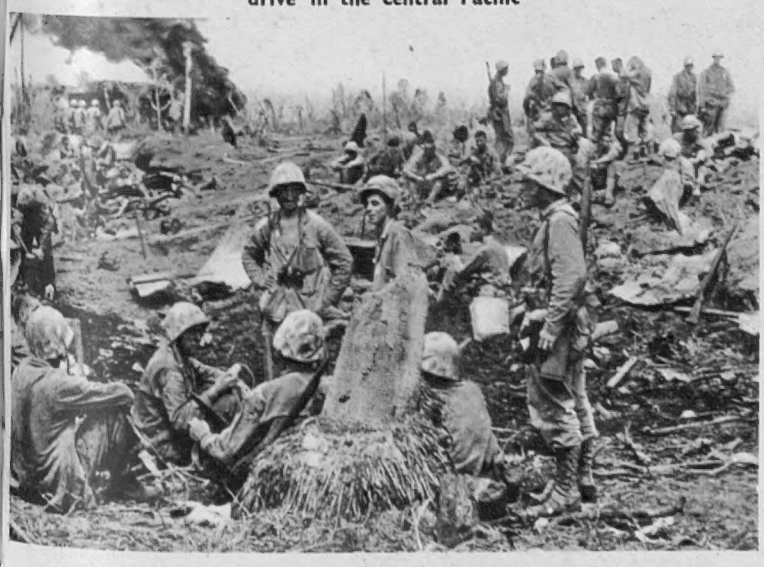
ON NAMUR ISLAND, IN THE KWAJALEIN ATOLL: Burned-out mechanised equipment and shattered blockhouses on the island base. The strength of the Jap concreted buildings was considerable; many of them had to be knocked out by concentrated artillery fire

AMERICAN SOLDIERS OF THE 17TH INFANTRY ROUTING OUT THE JAPS from a dugout on Enubuj Island on the first day of the Kwajalein Atoll battle. The 17th Infantry formed part of the 7th Division. The strongest Japanese blockhouses were blown to pieces by 16-in. naval shells and by 2,000-lb. "block-busters" from the air: the greater part of the garrisons were killed by this means. The Japanese losses in the Marshalls were 8,122 killed, against the American total of 286



A LOAD OF BOMBS HURTLES DOWN TOWARDS THE JAPANESE INSTALLATIONS ON THE ISLAND OF IMIEJI, one of the group forming the Jaluit Atoll. This spot is one of the most formidable of Japanese strongholds in the Marshalls, and the headquarters of the defending forces. It has been pounded from the air on many occasions both before and since the invasion of the Marshall group. On the island the Japs have installed a number of flak batteries

ANOTHER VIEW OF JALUIT, the Jap stronghold and anchorage in the Marshalls. This is one of the focal points in the present American drive in the Central Pacific



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ROI ISLAND. Marine assault troops, who captured the air strip on the island, resting in a bomb crater the day after they had landed in the Marshalls. In the background rises the smoke from a burning Japanese pillbox

THIS PICTURE OF TAROA ISLAND, IN THE MARSHALLS, WAS MADE ON DECEMBER 21, 1943, during an American reconnaissance trip. It is an example of the manner in which the Japs developed these islands while governing them under a League of Nations mandate—supposedly for peaceful purposes. The huge X airstrip runways extend from the centre of the island to the coastline. Taroa is the main island of Maloelap Atoll and is probably one of the points receiving the attention of the U.S. forces in the operations now in progress in the Marshalls

The CORAL FORTRESS of TRUK

The Great Pacific Atoll which is the Chief Japanese Mid-ocean Naval and Air Base

—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

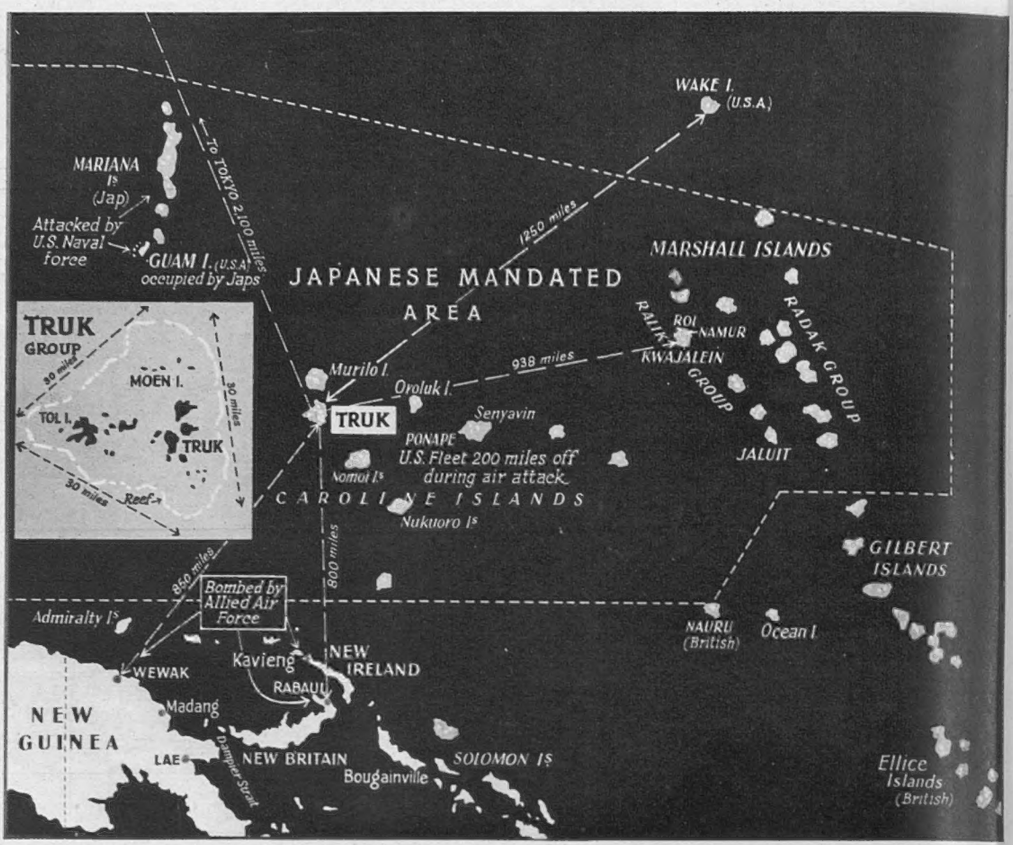
CORAL is to most of us charming red twigs of stone linked in necklaces; the polyp responsible (usually termed, quite wrongly, an insect) is a literary symbol of industry; the islands the polyp forms are symbols of romance. But to the American and Allied forces now striking towards Japan coral is the foundation structure of a chain of ocean fortresses, a substance on the nature of which Pacific strategy and tactics alike depend.

A fair proportion of the earth's crust (for instance, the chalk strata) is the result of the slow deposit on the sea-floor of minute skeletons. Viewed thus the South Sea island is no more remarkable than Beachy Head. But whereas the skeletons composing chalk are originally separate and the sediment they form amorphous, the coral skeleton is formed continuously, turning to stone-like hardness as the growing points of the creatures which inhabit it move on. Thus the structures erected by the various coral-polyp tribes have in each case a well-defined general pattern. A few coral names taken at random show the sort of things these patterns resemble—fern, staghorn, mushroom, brain, star.

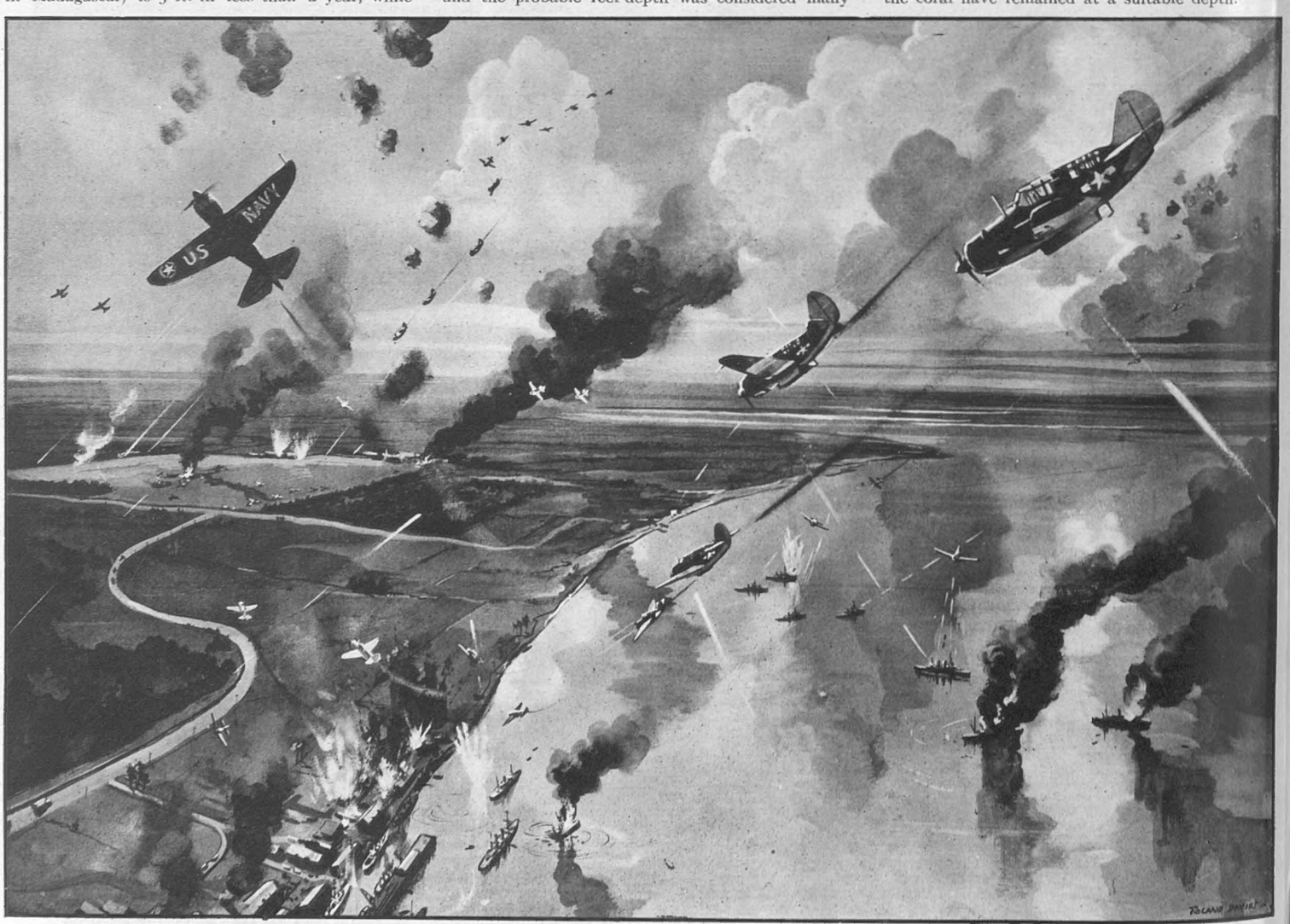
Formations taking such snapes as these, and varying in size from the fingers of a hand to masses several yards in diameter, may exist singly on the sea-bed, rising above the surface at low water, or may be piled up in reefs, the largest of which, the Great Barrier Reef along the coast of Queensland, stretches 900 nautical miles. But though the results of coral growth show such amazing differences, the principles governing it are simple. The polyp requires clear, calm, salt water at a temperature around 68 deg. Fah. and not more than 25 fathoms deep. The nullipore, a form of marine vegetation which, like the coral-polyp, has the power of secreting lime from sea-water, is found as deep as 50 fathoms, but the true coral is very precise in its needs, dying rapidly if they are not forthcoming.

Under favourable conditions, however, it can grow extremely fast. The record rate (observed in Madagascar) is 3 ft. in less than a year, while a ship twenty months in the Persian Gulf reported 2 ft. of coral on her copper bottom. A yearly growth of 3 in. is more normal; on this basis the Florida reefs are the work of about 1,200 years.

The fact that coral structures show such immense thickness (a boring on Funafuti reached 1,184 ft. and the probable reef-depth was considered many times that figure) raises an interesting problem. Since the polyp can exist only in comparative shallows and dies when thrust above high water, how were the great reefs piled up? Clearly the sea-bed must have been subsiding slowly as the reef grew, for only thus could the live surface of the coral have remained at a suitable depth.



TRUK AND ITS RELATION TO THE MARSHALL GROUP (the principal bases of which are already in American hands). Like the islands of the Marshall Group, Truk is an atoll—but a very large one, 30 miles or more across. It contains a number of mountainous islands, in reality extinct volcanoes, some of which are 1,500 ft. in height. There are a number of entrances through the outer coral-reef: these lead to the finest anchorages in the whole of the Central Pacific. The rocky islands of Truk, all lying some five miles inside the reef (and therefore unapproachable without penetrating into the lagoon itself), lend themselves to a very stubborn defence



TRUK, THE GREAT NAVAL BASE OF THE JAPS IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC: A diagrammatic view of the atoll as seen from the south. The islands on which the Jap naval base and airfields are located are enclosed within an outer coral-reef which is 30 miles long on each of its three sides. The lagoon contains enough deep water to accommodate the entire Japanese battle fleet—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Since the spread of coral depends in great degree on the drift of free larvæ which bud off from the plant-like cluster, the growth of the reef is almost always away from the prevalent weather. Thus a ring-atoll with a narrow opening on the lee side is a typical formation—a perfect natural harbour. Coral-reef islands outside the ring may be overwhelmed by tidal waves or by hurricanes; inside all is security. If a few peaks of the original island still show above the harbour waters, there are magnificent possibilities of beauty.

Truk, the great naval base which an American Task Force recently raided in great strength, is perhaps the perfect example of a defended atoll. The barrier reef, with each side 30 miles in length and the apex to the north, encloses a group of volcanic islands, some of which have peaks 1,500 ft. in height. To the east, a "maritime entrance" for commercial craft gives access to a buoyed channel leading to an inner harbourage, which enjoys the advantage of island shelter. To the south is the secret entrance for naval purposes, and in this area are the immense Japanese military installations.

The Gilberts, Marshalls and Carolines are the chief groups of atolls in a belt slanting northwards across the Pacific from Tahiti to the Chinese coast. Islands north and south of this belt (for instance, the Marianas and the Solomons respectively) show mostly fringing reefs. It is the atolls which are the most formidable fortresses.

AN ODDITY FROM THE PACIFIC. Japanese "pin-up girls." This box formed part of the kit of a Japanese officer: it was found after the capture of the island of Roi, in the Marshalls. The lid is lined with a selection of Japanese "beauties," showing that "pin-up girls" are favoured even by the Jap soldiery

On left—**THE TERRIFIC AIR ONSLAUGHT ON THE JAP NAVAL BASE AT TRUK: It was maintained for two days by the Americans, and the Japanese air opposition was wiped out**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Admiral Nimitz, the Pacific Commander-in-Chief, in his communiqué covering the Truk operations, made the following statement: "The Pacific Fleet has returned the visit made by the Japanese Fleet (at Pearl Harbour) on December 7, 1941, and has effected a partial settlement of the debt." This "partial settlement" consisted of the following surface ships sunk: two light cruisers, three destroyers, one ammunition-ship, one seaplane tender, two oilers, two gunboats and eight cargo-ships. Much of this was achieved by U.S. aircraft operating from carriers 200 miles off the atoll. For two days the attack was maintained, and Japanese air opposition was wiped out so effectively that no enemy planes took the air on the second day. The many vessels crowding the anchorages must have made fine targets for the U.S. airmen. Only seventeen of the attacking planes were lost. In Mr. Davies's drawing the aircraft depicted are Curtiss Hell-Diver dive-bombers

HOW THE CORAL-ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC BUILD THEMSELVES UP: A photograph which shows an atoll in process of formation. This overhead picture was taken in the Gilbert Group (above the island of Tarawa, recently captured by the Americans). It shows an irregular type, intermediate between the barrier and atoll stages of development: thus both barrier-and fringing-reef formations are seen. One excellent deep-water channel is also shown, which on the windward side is the only safe route to the shore. The huge level airstrip shows up remarkably clearly, the island being to all intents and purposes an unsinkable aircraft-carrier. The under-water reef in the left-hand bottom corner is, in all probability, volcanic in origin, the last remnants of a subsided island. Towards the upper edge of the picture a more typical atoll is in process of formation. The crescent-shaped reef is well-marked and has already acquired vegetation. Within the crescent an occasional shallow marks the original volcanic island, now totally submerged

WHERE THE GERMANS THINK THEY HAVE THE PULL

Some of the Factors on which the Enemy are Pinning Their Hopes for the Defence of the Fatherland

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AS the adversaries shape up to one another in Western Europe, advance valuation of their respective chances and capabilities in this and that direction is contributing a new chapter to war history. No impending clash of great forces has ever been heralded by anything approaching the assessments now being made by the antagonists themselves and the world at large. Of course, the thing couldn't be done before invention made drum-fire publicity possible, but the situation itself, the colossal attempted return to the Continent after four years, has never been matched for suspense.

It is interesting to try and pierce how the Germans really feel about things, as distinct from some of the stuff they intermittently put out, and whose expert originators must themselves know is received by us as so much "hooey." We may think we have got the pull in most matters, yet the Germans still manage to put up a good case for themselves, while granting their western enemies superiority in important spheres. The result is a brand of ledger with credits to us on the one side and to the Germans on the other.

Let us take the latter, as seen by our enemies. Well, they believe that their experience-hardened troops will considerably compensate for relative scarcity of reserves, when having to tackle the great majority of British and Americans untried by battle. Courage and keenness they allow us, but not their own mature and dear selling of life.

They reckon that the superior power of reinforcement and transfer conferred by interior lines will be emphasised and augmented by stubborn resistance of the highest soldierly order, and they balance the "do-or-die" fanaticism of hundreds of thousands of the younger men against the disruption of communications by our air and other attack, ruptures which will call for delaying "last stands" of some magnitude, and, maybe, frequency. They bank on the all-round high morale of the Army, as the one Service that has not let Germany down.

The Germans consider that their generalship is better than any that has come from the west, Montgomery excepted, and Alexander on the undecided list, and they reckon, given the speed and organisation, in both of which they likewise claim to surpass us, that *Wehrmacht* leaders have a reasonable chance of fighting their opponents in detail and regionally, to a point of wearing them to a standstill, always provided that the flow of munitions and equipment is kept up by a Home Front suffering annihilation bombing.

In two respects, in particular, the Germans count on battle superiority over the Western Allies: in airborne interventions, and in their troops being able to fight without adequate air cover—indeed, without any such cover at all. This is one of their rare consolations when they observe declining *Luftwaffe* figures. Another cherished hope is that German equipment and the using of it will continue in the ascendancy, especially where it touches all forms of transport, thereby giving German commanders a clear start over allegedly ponderous Allied movement, due, in first instance, to over-equipping, a too lavish rearward service *per capita* of fighting men.

The Germans are looking strongly to demolition to cover the long-drawn-out retirement, bitterly contested every step of the way, which General Dittmar anticipates as likely. They say that nothing like the destruction in store for British and Americans has ever been imagined, far less planned, and that isolated garrisons, taking full advantage of it and of successive defence lines and strong-points, together with the lie of the land, will hold out far longer than did the Göring Division on Etna, prior to its leaving the slopes in good order.

The weather is another factor by which the Germans hope to profit. We may expect them to head for regions whose storms and caprices, rain and cold, are notorious, in the hope of repeating their Apennine hold-up. In passing, a lot of nonsense is being said in derision of sunny Italy. Any traveller could have warned of the unchangingly stern winter conditions in the Southern Apennines (in fact, I did so last August in an article saying it was no place for tourists), but the fact in no way compromises the glorious sun record that Italy, as a whole, enjoys for most of the year.

Let us hope that local weather records for other parts of Europe will be carefully studied in advance, always remembering how Haig refused to heed Passchendaele's boggy July record over a matter of eighty years previous to 1917.

While ready to admit that the U-boats' failure to sink shipping during the past twelve months has greatly increased the mobility of the Western Allies at sea, the Germans profess not to be unduly disturbed by the certainty of breaches of the West Wall, or any other wall that may be assailed. If the initiative and the ability to create surprise are granted us, the Germans say they will draw level by counter-surprise, and there are hints of things beyond secret weapons and the fashioning of gigantic obstacles like the flooding of much of Holland. Hitler's remark in his last harangue, that the war would be decided on English soil, has apparently caused some Germans to wonder if more than *Luftwaffe* raids are intended as part of the anti-invasion scheme.

The Germans are fully alive to the grave dangers lurking in the partisan or patriot movements in all the occupied countries, but they think they can hold them in check by a mixture of terror suppression prior to invasion, and wholesale razzias according to where this eventually falls. The aim is to have no man under sixty unaccounted for, whether in slavery in Central Europe, in prison camps, dead or reporting daily to the Gestapo and its quisling offshoots.

Many quisling divisions of hopelessly compromised traitors are being set afoot in the west, the most notable instance being the army of, it is claimed, 250,000 militia and police under Darnand, in France. All these condemned quisling formations can be relied on to suppress and fight as viciously as their German masters. Yet the latter admit to one fear: that the various underground movements may have come by far too many arms and munitions when zero hour strikes. Hence the official threats of death to civilians found in possession of as much as a case of cartridges. Everything dropped by us must be left where it is, and reported.

One of the things we should look for, so that it does not hit us as a surprise, concerns the enemy's intention to take back with him all administrative personnel, local and central, which the advancing Allies would want to utilise. The broad plan is to leave only areas where nothing at all functions, or will function for a considerable time. Liabilities on liabilities to be fastened on British and Americans. A special section of the Headquarters Staff is referred to as supervising the application of scorched earth in the west, by which is implied not the razing of every house and shelter, but the effective stoppage of everything necessary to daily existence, such as water, food, light, heat, storage and billeting quarters, transport, drainage.

The Germans concede several vital ascendancies to the Western Allies, as at sea and in the air, in man-power and production, and in some forms of equipment and training. They do not undervalue the asset provided by huge populations working all-out of their own free will, and not subject to the pep dope that has to be administered to German civilians (such as the hot-air raids). Our enemies realise, too, how nearly all Europe is turned in sympathy towards the invaders. Yet they still have faith in the efficacy of their total war machine over anything even the remarkable Allied Unified Command is likely to contrive.

This total war machine is said to be still maintaining an enormous war industry, despite saturation bombing. The Germans believe this can be maintained for a long time, provided Hitler manages to keep certain vital supply regions within his perimeter—as the Rumanian oil-fields, Yugoslavia's chrome, copper, antimony and mica, North Italy's silk for parachutes and mercury, Southern France's aluminium and Eastern France's steel—the last especially should the Petsamo and Swedish mines come to be written off owing to Soviet advance in the Baltic. The French railways are also essential for bringing wolfram, mercury, tin, iron-ore and pyrites from Spain; hence the presence of Nazi divisions along the Pyrenees, to remind Madrid of its "duties" as a non-belligerent.

What worries the Germans more than their industrial potential is the question of man-power. With every source tapped, and 12,000,000 foreign labour-slaves in Greater Germany, where they are regarded as a corrupting and covert menace, Sauckel has sent out a final appeal for volunteers to come forward from almost every age group.

To revert to the plus side, as the Germans see things, there is the hardening of morale on the Home Front, which passed through its most worrying phase, for the Nazi leaders, last November. The bombing is claimed to have brought Germans together, as it did with ourselves, and the Nazis profess to be sure that as long as good food is forthcoming and the Russians are held well outside German territory, the Home Front will stand the racket of western invasion.

The Germans think they have the pull of the Allies in the question of speedily turning military factors to political account, as was done with such success after Mussolini's fall. They think that we are too involved by commitments and beset by hesitations, or, as Goebbels has it, that "from the close merging of our political cleverness and our resources of military strength there spring inexhaustible energies." Some of these energies have lately been evident in Turkey, Spain and South America.

The Germans reckon that if they can drag the war on into next winter, their chances of pulling off a negotiated peace will be greatly improved. They hope to wear down Russian reserves, while resisting in the west, to a point where Stalin can no longer withstand parleys in which Britain would have to join, if only because of a decline of American interest in the European theatre, consequent on the slow and costly progress there, only achieved at the expense of the Continent's moral and material eclipse, forcing ground for Communism.

Thus do the Germans envisage sundry matters on the eve of—what?

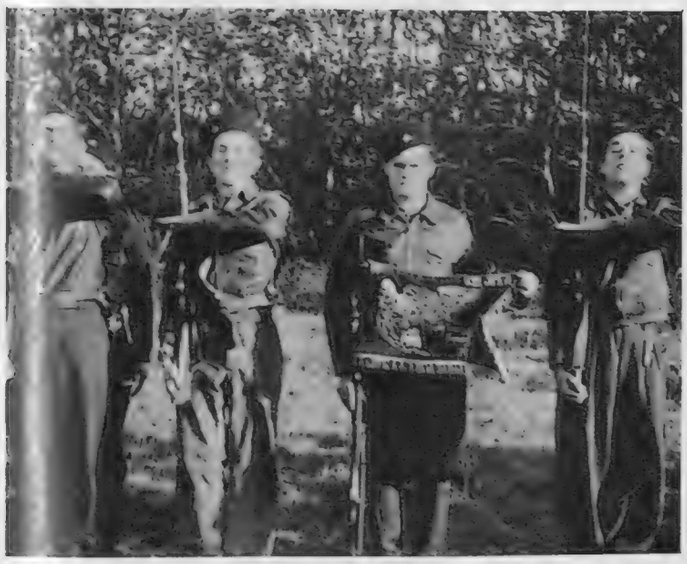
THE EXPLOSIVE "BEETLE," OR MINIATURE ROBOT TANK, of the German Army, first used against the Russians and then against the Anzio beachhead in Italy. The "Beetle Tank, Mark I," is a miniature vehicle controlled by radio or electric cable. It is about 5-ft. long, 2-ft. 6-ins. wide, and 2-ft. high—exactly like a toy tank, with caterpillar tractors but without a turret. Power is provided by dual electric motors controlled by radio impulses. The hull is packed with explosives up to 1,000 lb., and the whole contraption is designed for use against pill-boxes or tanks. The speed varies up to 20 miles an hour, according to the nature of the country and the weight of explosive carried. The "Beetle" was first used in Russia, where one specimen was quickly captured by the cutting of the control wires: it was then dismantled and its secrets laid bare. It was next used against our troops in the Anzio beachhead: on its first appearance there, fourteen of them were blown up by accurate gun-fire

THE MEN OF THE MAQUIS

Who are Resisting the Germans in the Haute Savoie District of France

FIGHTERS AGAINST THE INVADING GERMANS. Former French cavalrymen (now very much on foot) drill under cover at the edge of a field in the Haute Savoie. For security reasons, and to make food supplies easier, these patriots are split up into quite small bands

"CONQUER OR DIE"—THE SLOGAN OF THE MAQUIS. The standard of this French guerilla group bears the sign of hope for the Liberation of France—the Lorraine Cross surmounted on a "V"



EACH UNIT HAS ITS OWN STANDARD AND TRADITION. The men who comprise the bands are all young, and all prefer to wage guerilla warfare rather than to become slaves in the German war machine

A PATROL GROUP OF YOUNG PATRIOTS SET OUT THROUGH THE SNOW. The majority of the guerillas wear civilian clothes, but some have retained their former French Army uniforms. The country in which they operate is the snow-bound hilly terrain of Haute Savoie

YOUNG TOMMY-GUNNERS OF THE MAQUIS TRAINING IN A MOUNTAIN FIR FOREST. A dramatic appeal was broadcast recently by the B.B.C. to France on their behalf, asking Frenchmen with hidden arms to join the men of the Maquis, workers to strike and patriots to sabotage railways, roads and factories

HOW THE DAY BEGINS FOR THE "ARMY OF THE MAQUIS"—with the traditional French military ceremony of saluting the Tricolor

The pictures reproduced on this page are "stills" from a film made recently at one of the secret bases of the Men of the Maquis, the French guerillas who are fighting the Germans in the Savoy mountain region near the Swiss border. The film was smuggled out of France to London: it shows the routine life of the guerilla bands who took to the hills before Darnand, the Himmler of France, launched his big attack against them early in February. Their resistance against Vichy and the Germans (who are forced to hold about 60,000 troops in the district ready to go into action if necessary) is more than a matter of "thorn in the flesh" acts of sabotage. They are laying a solid foundation of offensive aid for the Allied expeditionary forces when the time comes for the latter to set about the liberation of France

Incidents During the Naval War

Depicted by "Sphere" Artists

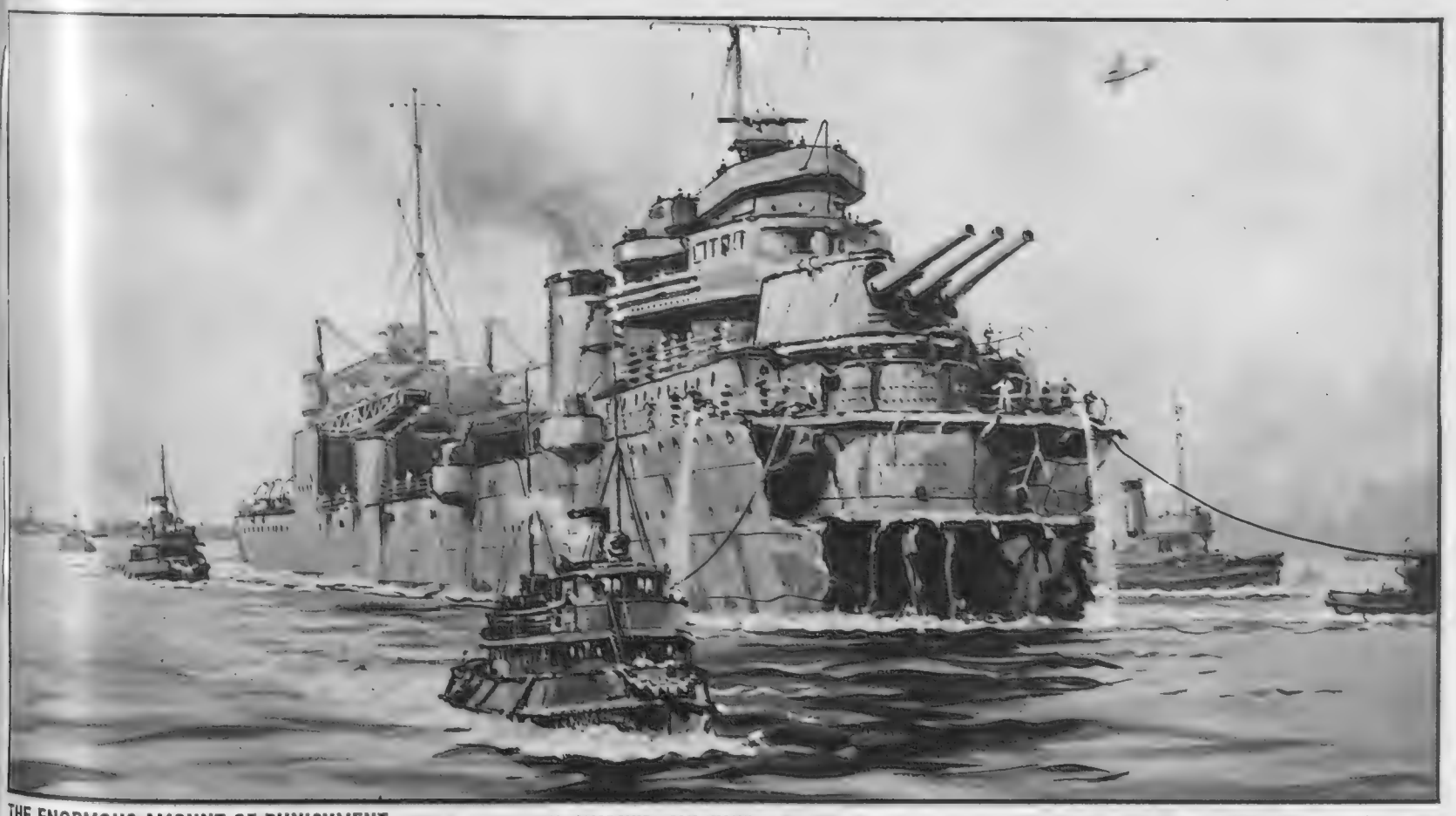
A BRITISH SUBMARINE FLOTILLA at a home base alongside the parent ship. In this picture the vessel second from the right is H.M.S. "Upright," famous as the only submarine in the world to torpedo and sink a floating dock and to shoot down an enemy aircraft. She is one of the Ursula class and carries a complement of twenty-seven

Below—In the recent action known among R.A.F. men at Gibraltar as "the Battle of the Straits," aircraft and naval vessels co-operated to sink three U-boats which set out for the Mediterranean from a port on the west coast of France. Leigh-Light Wellingtons of Coastal Command sank one of the U-boats outright, and a second is believed to have been severely damaged. Lasting eleven days, the action began shortly after midnight on the first day, when the second pilot and the navigator of a Leigh-Light aircraft sighted a bluish phosphorescent wake about a mile away, just outside Spanish territorial waters. "We tracked over," said the captain of the aircraft, "and turned on our searchlight. A fully-surfaced U-boat was seen, and our front gunner opened fire as we ran in." That submarine was killed. Another was later engaged and, as the searchlight was turned on, an Army Major, who was acting as front-gunner, opened fire: in a subsequent report, he said that the U-boat appeared "like a low, grey-white house, with a veranda running almost from end to end, and a very wide front door with a little platform and railing on top." Although the aircraft was hit by flak, which tore a hole in the cockpit floor and severed the hydraulics, the rear-gunner saw its depth-charges accurately straddle the target

AN INCIDENT DURING A RECENT ELEVEN-DAY BATTLE WITH GERMAN U-BOATS IN THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR, when the enemy submarines attempted to make individual passages from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. A Leigh-Light Wellington of Coastal Command lights up one of the U-boats on the surface, looking "like a low, grey-white house"—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (see notes above)

A MIRAGE EFFECT IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC AS SEEN BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE OPERATING AGAINST THE JAPANESE COMMUNICATIONS BY SEA. A Jap steamer appears as two ships when viewed through the periscope as she approaches the lurking submarine: after establishing the true range, the submarine blew the Jap ship to pieces with her torpedoes—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Operating in the Far East, a British submarine stalked a large Japanese supply ship for an hour and a half before blowing her to pieces. In his report, the Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C.) described the patrol as the most interesting he had ever done. It illustrated some of the difficulties of submarine warfare in Far Eastern waters. (Lieut.-Commander Bennington, incidentally, was the submarine commander who recently sank a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class in the northern approaches to the Malay Strait.) The Japanese supply ship (one of three reported sunk by his submarine in a recent Admiralty communiqué) was sighted at five o'clock in the morning. The submarine, remaining submerged, stalked the enemy for an hour and a half. "Mirage effect was considerable," stated Lieut.-Commander Bennington. "First the ship was just a large blot on the horizon. Then the effect of mirage was to make the target appear two separate ships. We seemed to be on the port bow of one ship and on the starboard bow of the other. Fortunately, the funnel gradually emerged from this quaint sight and the true range was established. Two minutes after we had fired the torpedoes, I saw a tremendous explosion blow the enemy to pieces. I could not wait to see any more." Later, when the submarine surfaced, an oil fire was blazing on the water and continued to burn for two hours



THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF PUNISHMENT WHICH A MODERN WARSHIP CAN TAKE: A U.S. heavy cruiser, with her entire bow and one complete gun turret blown away, being towed into an American West Coast port for repair—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

After a battle with the Japanese in the South-West Pacific, this heavy cruiser had her entire bow shot away: her forward triple-gun turret also went to the bottom. Nevertheless, the vessel did not sink—so bulkheaded are modern ships of war. A snub-nosed temporary bow was fitted to the disabled vessel, and with this she succeeded in reaching the Navy Yard at Bremerton, Washington. Here full-scale repairs were effected: the cruiser was fitted with a new bow and turret, modernised and returned to service with the Fleet. A similar repair was also effected in the case of the *Minneapolis*, the heavy cruiser torpedoed by the Japs in the Battle of Tassafaronga in November 1942: she was taken to Pearl Harbour with a false bow for repair

PAYING the PRICE in the AIR

Some Dramatic Pictures Taken in Mid-air of Bombers Hit During Actions Over Enemy Territory

A SPECTACULAR AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FAMILIAR PHRASE "ONE OF OUR BOMBERS DID NOT RETURN": This picture and the one in the lower left were taken recently just after a raid over France by B26 Marauders of the U.S. Ninth Air Force. The Marauder seen on fire had flown with its formation through one of the toughest flak barrages ever seen over Western Europe. The force of bombers (flying, as usual during daylight operations, in a compact mass) had bombed their target—a military objective in the Pas de Calais—and were returning home, when one received a direct hit from a Nazi shell in its wing. Soon the aircraft was on fire and, with half a wing gone, came hurtling down to earth out of control. The two pictures reproduced here were taken from another Marauder by a sergeant who was flying his fifteenth operational mission

THE MARAUDER GOES DOWN. Half a wing has gone and the port tailplane has also been damaged as a result of the heavy flak over the Pas de Calais. It is probable that some, if not all, of the crew were able to take to their parachutes before the final crash

ANOTHER TRAGEDY OF THE AIR CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: These two pictures again show a B26 Marauder bomber after disaster had overtaken it. The aircraft was flying over occupied territory in Western Europe when a burst of flak cut the plane into two parts. The fuselage was severed just behind the main-plane: on the left the tail is seen dropping to earth, whilst on the right the major part of the fuselage, engines and wings are seen spinning downwards. The two pictures were taken from an accompanying aircraft

ONE AIRCRAFT THAT DID GET BACK: On fire and riddled by 400 bullet holes, the Liberator "Bag o' Bolts" comes home on only two of its engines.

Riddled by 400 bullet holes, its waist section gutted by fire and one of its remaining two engines still aflame, the Liberator "Bag o' Bolts" presented an amazing sight when it returned from a recent big raid on Germany. Attacked near the target, the bomber was thrown out of position when flak set No. 4 engine on fire, cut the power of No. 1 engine, put all the turrets out of commission, and started a raging fire amidships. The pilot, nevertheless, made a second bombing run and, while the crew fought the flames dropped his load on the target. He then dived the ship to "deck" and flew all the way home within 20 to 25 ft. of the ground, although chased as far as the Zuider Zee by four German fighters, who gave up only when they ran out of ammunition. Two of the crew were wounded, and a third, believing the dive to "deck" meant a crash, baled out. The picture above shows "Bag o' Bolts" as it looked on its return home—stuck in the mud, where it came to a standstill after the pilot, without a braking system, was forced to turn off the runway

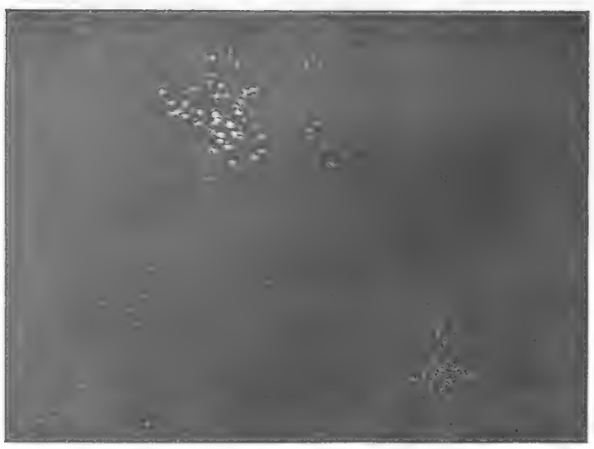
"I BALED OUT INTO THE HEART OF THE REICH." An artist's impression of an incident which is seldom recorded, but which frequently happens to our bomber crews over Germany—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The drawing by Mr. Davies above has been made from a recently-published description written by an R.A.F. Flight-Lieutenant who is now a prisoner of war in Germany. His description of an airman's parachute jump from a wrecked plane is most vivid. "He pressed the button and the bulbs flared a sudden white. He remembered little then. The crew jumping, he jumping, falling fast, falling rapidly, terribly, into a world of sudden silence and then explosive sound and light. And pulling the rip-cord frantically, and the smack of the silk opening above his head, and the relief at its opening, and the slow descent, and the greens and reds and blues of fire leaping past him to the dangerous thunder of other engines far above him. And the fear of being hit, and the loneliness in all this chaos, and the knowing this was the end of the journey. And the earth approaching, slowly first, with roads and rivers converging and unfolding, clearer larger, and flames with noise, fire with thunder where before had been only silence. A sudden rush towards him, a river not a ribbon, but wide and full and bright in the flames, bridges spanning and roads converging and the crash of guns and the size of buildings and faster and blacker and greater with solidity to hurt him and water to drown and steel to cut."

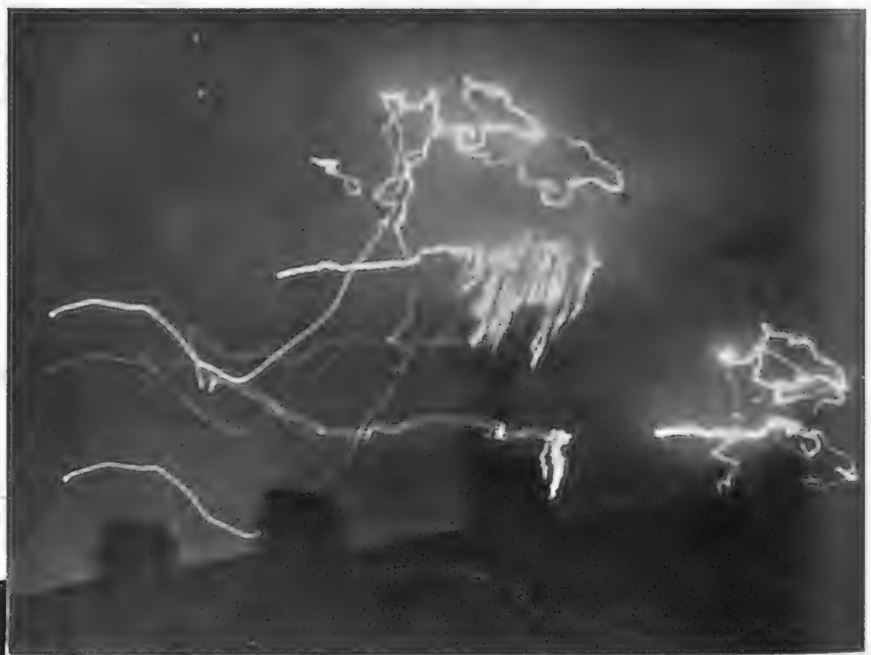
STRANGE SIGHTS OVER LONDON BY NIGHT. This picture was taken by the light of gun-flashes during a "Luftwaffe" attack: it shows the cones of fire made by the secret "Z" batteries as they opened up on the raiders

SIGHTS in the NIGHT SKY

Some of the Strange Spectacles which Londoners Witness During the Resumed Air Attacks on the Capital

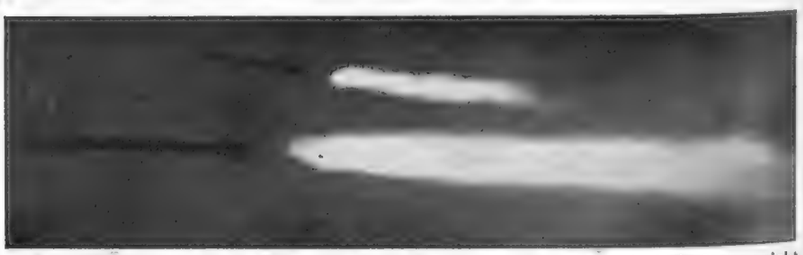


ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKETS BURSTING OVER A LONDON SUBURB during a night raid towards the end of February



AN ODD DISPLAY OF LIGHTS contrasting with the dark contour of the roofs of London. Ack-ack, flares and rockets combine to make this striking picture of the sky above London during a German raid

SOME OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKETS travelling towards their target. During their journey they make a noise like an express train entering a tunnel

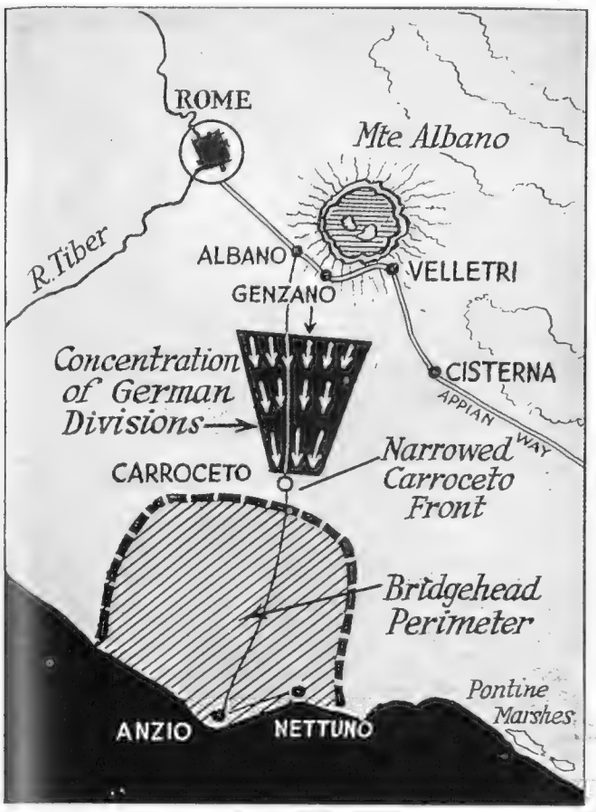


ROCKET PROJECTILES FIRED FROM OUR SECRET "Z" GUNS photographed during a night attack by the "Luftwaffe" on London a few nights ago

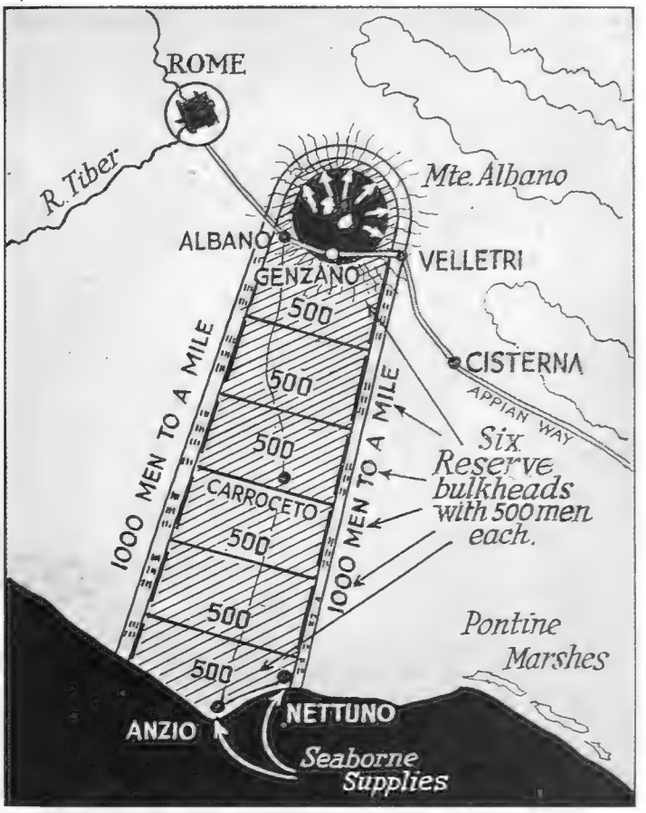
Some of the secrets of the "Z" guns, Britain's anti-aircraft rocket projectors, have now been released. For some time they have been in use against the *Luftwaffe*, accounting for a number of 'planes. From the rockets red balls hurtle into the sky, exploding with large and vivid flashes. As the projectiles speed toward the enemy aircraft they make a roar like an express train entering a tunnel. Early practical tests of the rocket projector were made in Jamaica. In addition to the rockets, there are a number of other vivid sights to be seen in the night sky during an aerial attack on London: some of them are shown in the pictures reproduced here

AN ALTERNATIVE PLAN FOR ANZIO?

Should There Have Been a Deeper Penetration in the Bridgehead; and What Would It Have Cost?



I—WHAT HAPPENED AT ANZIO. After the landings it was decided to hold an area against the Germans and to consolidate within that area. In the meantime, however, the Germans had rushed up forces to contain our troops within the bridgehead perimeter



II—WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED. A bold thrust towards Albano, the Appian Way and the hill region in front of Rome might have proved successful—but only if we had had sufficient men to hold each "bulkhead" against attack. The numbers involved are indicated in this diagram

WHY did not the amphibian force landed at Anzio dash immediately up the 20-mile road to Genzano, on the fringe of the Alban Hills commanding Rome and its approaches, and, mounting to the central crater, form an offensive strong-point there? This interesting suggestion has been made by a critic of the present operations, and deserves examination because of its bearing on possible future landings of a similar type round the coast of Europe.

The accompanying diagrams illustrate (1) the Anzio plan as it has, in fact, been carried out; and (2) the alternative scheme as suggested by our critic. It will be seen from the first drawing how the invaders were content to establish a semi-circular beachhead little more than ten miles in diameter, which at the end of twenty days showed no signs of branching out further, and was subjected then to heavy counter-attacks from a German force of perhaps equal strength (some four divisions and a brigade) which had been given time to assemble immediately south of Rome.

Thanks to the temporarily unambitious nature of this plan, confining our forces to that narrow beachhead on low ground, the enemy could not only mount those strong counter-attacks, but also subject the invaders to merciless shelling from batteries most advantageously sited on those same Alban Hills. The expedition had certainly cut the Appian Way—main coastal road—but could do nothing at first to interfere with the principal German communications between Rome and the Cassino front, since these ran on the other side of the hills. By its timidity, or lack of strength, or resolve to consolidate its forces before proceeding upon a really big thrust, the expedition had, for the meantime at least, denied itself every advantage which the initial surprise of its arrival might otherwise have won.

The second drawing is a suggestion, but no more, of how the situation might have developed had the expedition been planned in a different way. It will be seen how a corridor some 25 miles long and perhaps 10 miles wide stretches from the coast to the Alban Hills. That would have been initially carved by a self-contained formation of tanks, engineers, motorised infantry and self-propelled artillery, with supplies for, say, a fortnight's fighting, which, landed first, had proceeded up the road to Genzano, brushing aside the light opposition then offered. Such a column would have stormed the main Alban Circle, a great crater-peak in the centre of the hills which dominates the surrounding plains like a fortress. It would have installed its self-propelled guns on the summit, and used these not only to cover the corridor and the beachhead, but also to bombard the main Via Casilina, running from Rome down to the Cassino front, as well as German forces attempting to counter-attack down the road from Rome to Genzano. These roads pass immediately under the Alban Circle.

Meanwhile, the body of the expedition would have been landed and directed up the 20-mile road to spread out some five miles on either side, dig in and hold the corridor intact against those German forces which escaped our artillery from the Circle. More and more would be landed, till, protected by those guns, the expedition could be re-formed within the corridor and proceed direct to Rome, which is only some fifteen miles from Genzano. Possibly our landing-craft and naval vessels could have been employed to convey another small expedition to the vicinity of the Tiber mouth or of Civita Vecchia, up the coast. This would have split the defending forces of Rome, and air cover could have been provided from the temporary airfields in the Anzio corridor.

This plan is not only interesting; it is also plausible. It would be unfair, however, not to mention the leading objections. These mostly proceed from the strength of the German defence immediately south of Rome. The beaches at Anzio were lightly held by the enemy, but the road to Genzano was progressively mined and otherwise obstructed, till, at Carroceto, it was barred by strong forces. Then the enemy himself had formidable batteries on the Alban Circle from the beginning, and the foothills were strongly fortified. It is open to doubt, therefore, whether the armoured column could have reached the mountain, or, upon reaching it, could have stormed the height successfully. And if the column had failed, then it would have been exposed, together with the tenuous corridor behind, to devastating fire from the German batteries, so that the entire landing operation might have collapsed, with repercussions round Europe.

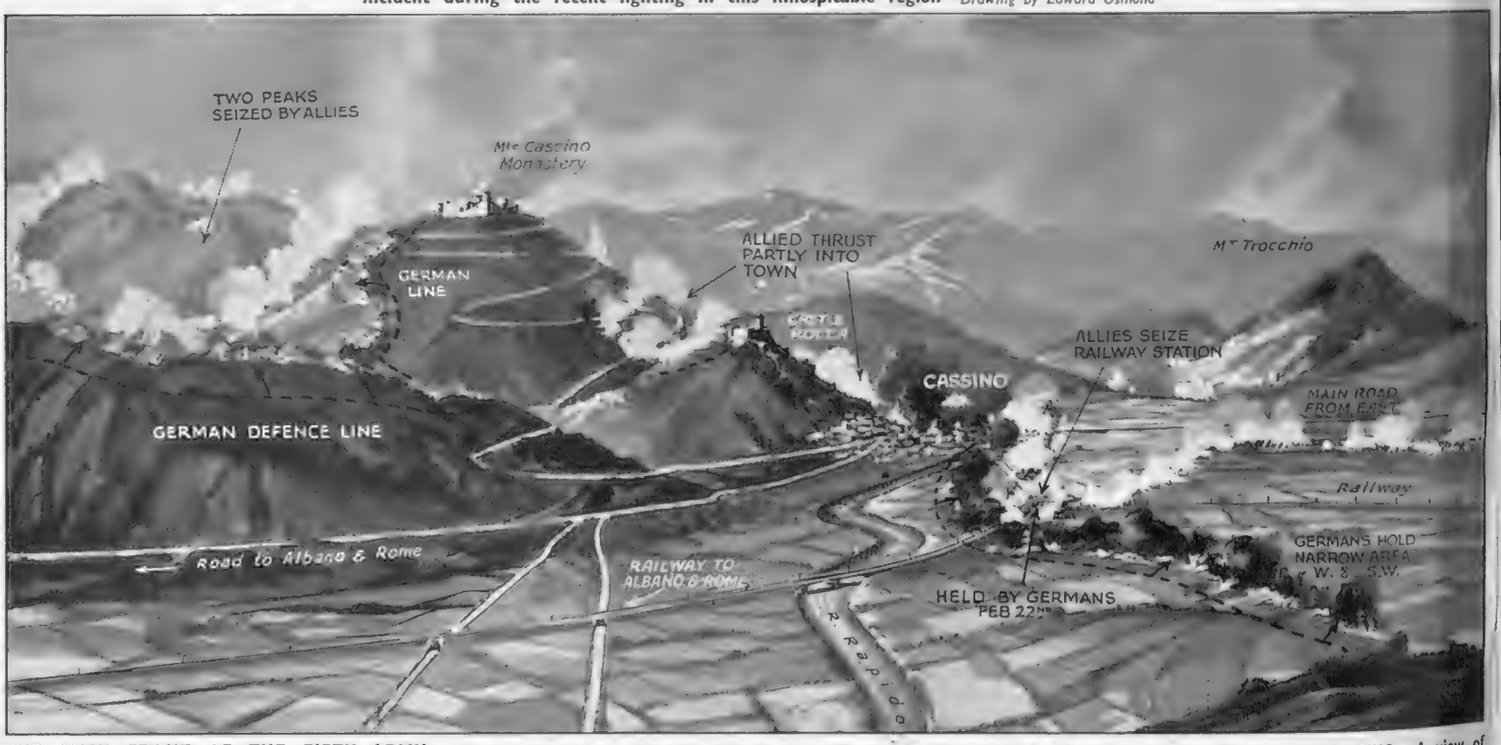
It is furthermore open to serious question whether the corridor would have been practicable. Many more men and guns are needed to defend a straight front than a semi-circular one, and the corridor would invite an attempt to cut it in two. The suggestion has been made that the Alban strong-point could temporarily serve its purpose without the corridor, being supplied instead by air. Save in Crete, where conditions were different, there has, however, been no instance in warfare yet of an isolated garrison relying on aerial supply alone and being able to survive, let alone to play an offensive part.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES AGAINST RAPID MOVEMENT WITHIN THE BRIDGEHEAD AREA—THE INSUFFICIENT AND BAD ROADS. Tanks of "B" Squadron, of the Royal Tank Regiment, are here moving up for a counter-attack against the Germans. And they are not finding it too easy to negotiate the soft and narrow roads which are general in the Anzio area

Yet those are just the orthodox objections, and it certainly does not pay to be governed altogether by orthodoxy in this most heterodox of wars. By the time this is in print there may be Italian developments to show that the original conception of the Anzio landing was sound. The commanders may have had big and surprising plans up their sleeves all along. But, in any case whether such a happy consummation is effected or not, the alternative scheme discussed in this article might be worth the serious attention of the authorities concerned with future operations of a similar nature elsewhere.

D. C.

THE EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONT ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE LINE IN ITALY IS DEEP UNDER SNOW : A RESCUE PARTY ON SKIS SETS OUT TO TAKE PROVISIONS TO A MAROONED FORWARD POST AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MAJELLO RANGE, using the sure-footed local donkeys as carriers—an incident during the recent fighting in this inhospitable region—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*



THE MAIN FRONT OF THE FIFTH ARMY, WHERE THE AMERICAN AND GERMAN FORCES FACE ONE ANOTHER IN CLOSE PROXIMITY AROUND CASSINO : A view of the area as seen from the enemy's side. The darker area in the foreground indicates German-held territory—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After the Germans had been driven from Mte. Camino and Mte. Maggiore, it seemed that the Fifth Army was getting a foothold on the "Road to Rome." In front of the Allied forces, however, there towered a natural fortress, tier upon tier, the hills being arranged like a triple-walled mediæval castle. Could some of its lower bastions be outflanked by a movement from the north? This was attempted and a foothold gained on the heights above Cairo village and around Terelle. Clogging snow was encountered, and a fresh fall of seven inches further slowed down forward movement.

At the same time, frontal attacks on Cassino town were made by U.S. troops—mainly along the highway running straight to the town. But as the month of February wore to an end, the direct attack on Cassino was shifted farther to the south, U.S. forces advancing along the main railway line which is slightly raised above the low-lying river meadows across which it runs. After a hot burst of fighting the railway station, which lies a short distance from the town, was captured; it could not, however, be held for long.

The situation is here shown—for the sake of clarity—from the enemy side. The railway station lies in the right foreground, with the main road running back to Albano. Cassino town, mainly in German hands, lies in the middle distance; with the ancient and now much-battered castle above it. The U.S. infiltration lies in the part of the town curving round the castle hill. The enemy sees Allied forces above him occupying two hills beyond and above the Monastery Hill, still in German hands after the heavy shelling and bombing.

On the MOUNTAIN SECTOR of the EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONT

During the Fighting Amidst the Snows of the Apennine Hills

—Special Sphere Drawing

Occasionally, the quiet of these snowy heights is broken with a sudden burst of gunfire when an enemy patrol party is spotted. A quick message is conveyed back to the guns, which soon open up on the enemy, to inflict casualties. Down nearer Ortona, Canadians have improved their positions during recent operations carried out in the white, tangled jumble of mountains.

Weather conditions on the higher portions of the Eighth Army front have produced for many weeks a condition of stalemate. The opposing forces conduct the same operations—local patrols and small localised attacks.

Both sides employ troops on skis, for, on the lower slopes of the Majello Massif, the snow conditions are too heavy for ordinary foot-slogging. Recently, owing to very heavy falls of snow, an advanced party of Eighth Army troops was cut off. It ran out of supplies, and a small relief party had to be organised to reach it. In this kind of work the local donkey is used, with basket carriers. He is so sure-footed that he can go anywhere, however difficult the trail. The party was duly relieved, the small force which came to its help moving forward on skis.

AN ARTILLERY BARRAGE IN THE ITALIAN HILLS: A picture taken in the early morning from a reconnaissance plane, showing Allied guns working over the whole side of Monte Trocchio. Five thousand rounds were fired from over two hundred guns, some of which are seen flashing in the foreground. By midday of the same day, the hill was ours—the last peak in front of the town of Cassino

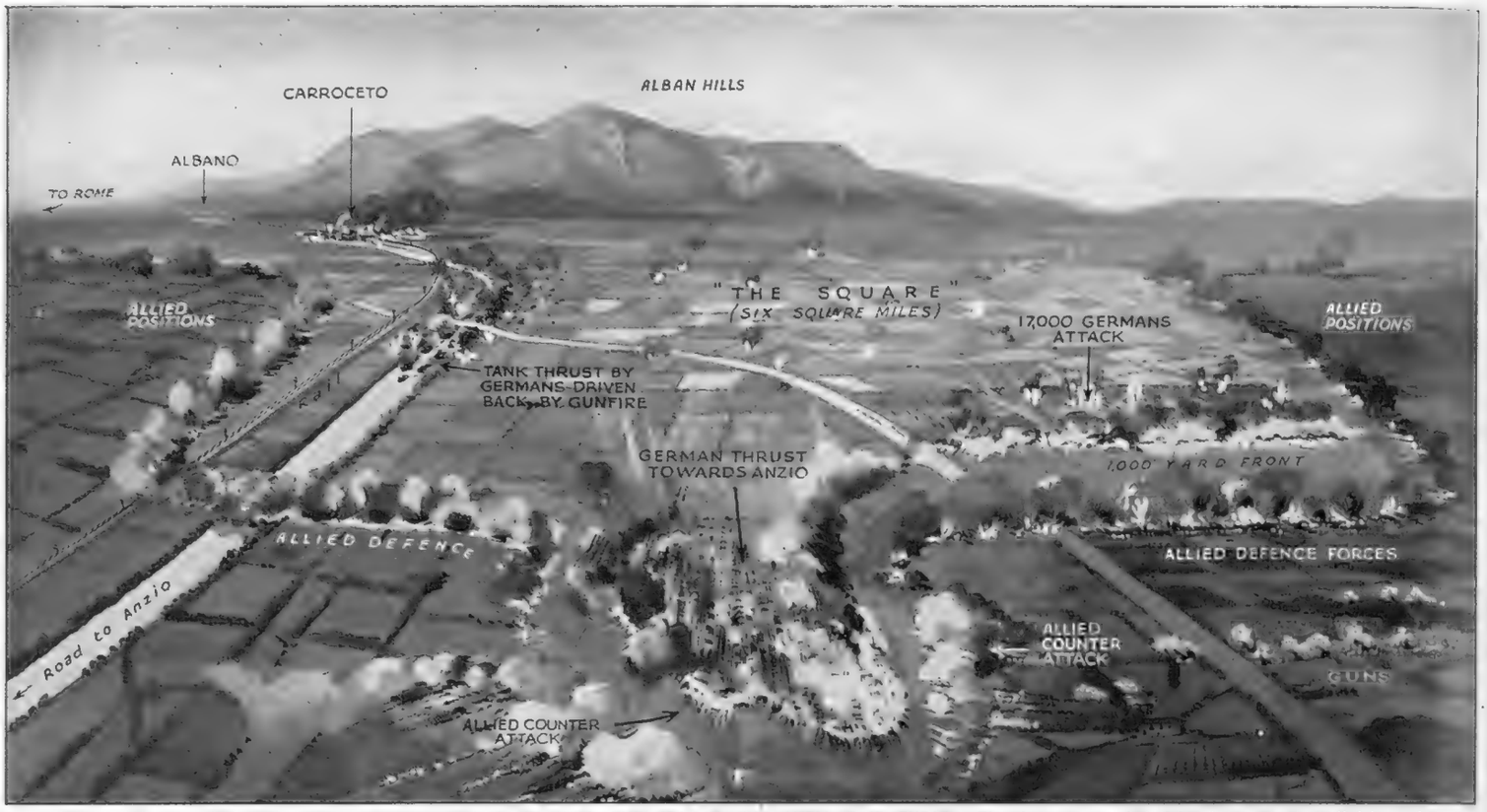
WITH THE SNOWBOUND ARMY ON THE ORSOGNA-ORTONA LINE: A scene in a billet by the roadside

—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

The successful crossing of the Sangro River and the capture of the hills which overlooked it, were rewarded by a fairly rapid advance to the little port of Ortona. The greater part of the ridge, stretching back to the great mountain massif of Majella, fell into our hands and advances were being made towards some strong-points towards the north-west positions commanding the short rocky valleys leading to the sea, when winter descended upon the whole area. First the giant Monte Amaro became clothed with snow from head to foot. It was a specially magnificent sight to troops of the Eighth Army, working on supply duties in the neighbourhood of Casoli, our most southerly position in the grouping of our forces in this Eighth Army area.

Then, as the weeks progressed, the snows crept farther and farther down towards the lower ground. It was not bullets with which the army had to contend. It was the insidious and persistent falling of snowflakes which called a halt to any major action on this part of the front. The streets of the little town of Ortona itself became so choked with snow that bulldozers were employed to clear ways through the streets. Patrols—for this type of work has to go on whatever the conditions—took to wearing white coats, after the manner of our Russian allies. Some parts of the patrolled areas could only be effectively negotiated on skis. There would be occasional bursts of fire when enemy patrols happened to prove inquisitive.

The heavy falls of snow cover with a kindly mantle the wounds which the little town has suffered both from friend and foe. Considerable parts of the town have escaped material damage, and in these streets civilian life has endeavoured to reassert itself. The troops busy themselves with maintaining efficiency in every possible way. Weapons are cleaned and oiled against the day when the grip of winter will be loosened. The service newspapers find their way up from the rear bases, across the long trail over the pontoon bridges to the men who are guarding this extreme eastern point of the line. Our artist, Mr. Whitaker, shows a typical morning scene in the vicinity of Ortona.



WHERE THE GERMANS TRIED TO FORCE THE FIFTH ARMY INTO THE SEA IN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD. The heavy attack with six or seven divisions in the six square miles (known as "The Square of Death") south of the Alban Hills—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE "SQUARE OF DEATH" AT ANZIO

A Record of the Scene of the Massed Attack by Six or Seven German Divisions Just South of Carroceto

—Special Sphere Drawings

The first major effort of the Germans to force the Allies in the Rome beach-head back to the beaches was undertaken by a massed force of six divisions. It resulted in a battle which, according to one correspondent who was present, ranked with Alamein, Mareth and Medjiz. The struggle lasted for four days and, at the end, the enemy had only succeeded in occupying a square-shaped pocket some six square miles in extent, with a "finger" stretching towards Anzio, an intrusion which was eventually removed by determined counter-attacks by Allied troops.

It was calculated that while the struggle was at its height, 70,000 men were frantically endeavouring to burst the Allied perimeter line. On one narrow front of only 1,000 yards width, some 17,000 men surged up against the Allied trenches and gun-pits. There were local bursts through and infiltrations up gullies and through woods, but all these were met by heroic resistance and rapid counter-attack. In some cases surrounded detachments refused to retreat, thus preventing any widening of an aperture through which the enemy might stream.

The enemy endeavoured to use the main Anzio highway as a way-in for his tanks This feature formed the west side of the battle area, which stretched eastwards across brown-tilled fields, cultivated in part by local peasants and in part by the farm experimenters attached to the agricultural college at Carroceto (or Aprilla, as it is sometimes called). A terrific artillery support was supplied by our guns, advances of both enemy tanks and infantry being checked by the intense shell-fire. At last the assault wore itself out against our entrenched positions, and a tank advance added a final touch of defeat, the enemy returning towards Carroceto.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE BIG GERMAN ATTACK DEPICTED IN THE UPPER DRAWING. The entire staff of a British Headquarters turn out to repel the enemy's advance and rush to the Bren-gun carriers to beat off the attack—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

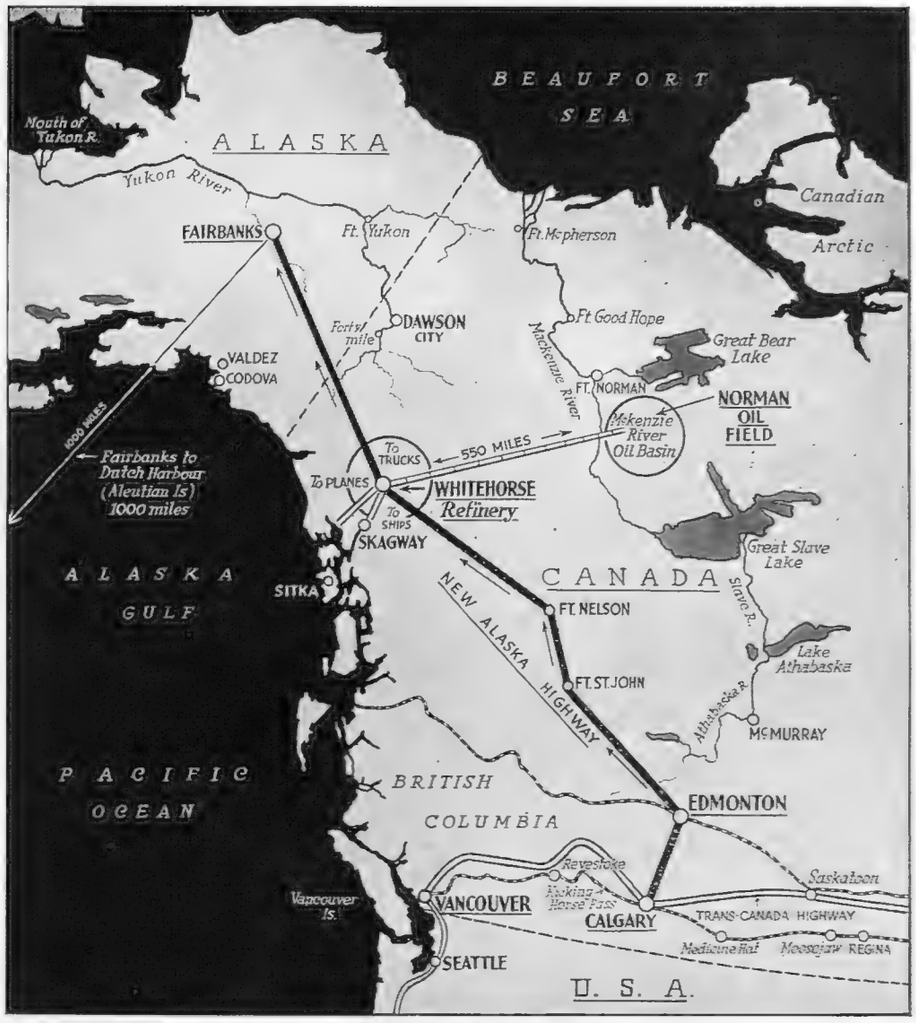
During the battle in the "Square of Death" there were many desperate encounters between the British and German forces. One of them is depicted above. A German detachment had launched a strong local attack, and it fell to the lot of a British battalion headquarters to repulse the enemy. Jumping into Bren-gun carriers, the Germans were counter-attacked by British troops, repulsed, and the situation was restored. The alarm was raised when enemy troops were seen to have endeavoured cunningly to infiltrate through the British lines. Officers and men at headquarters left their routine camp tasks and raced to the Bren-gun carriers

THE TWO NEW PIPE-LINES of the North-American Continent

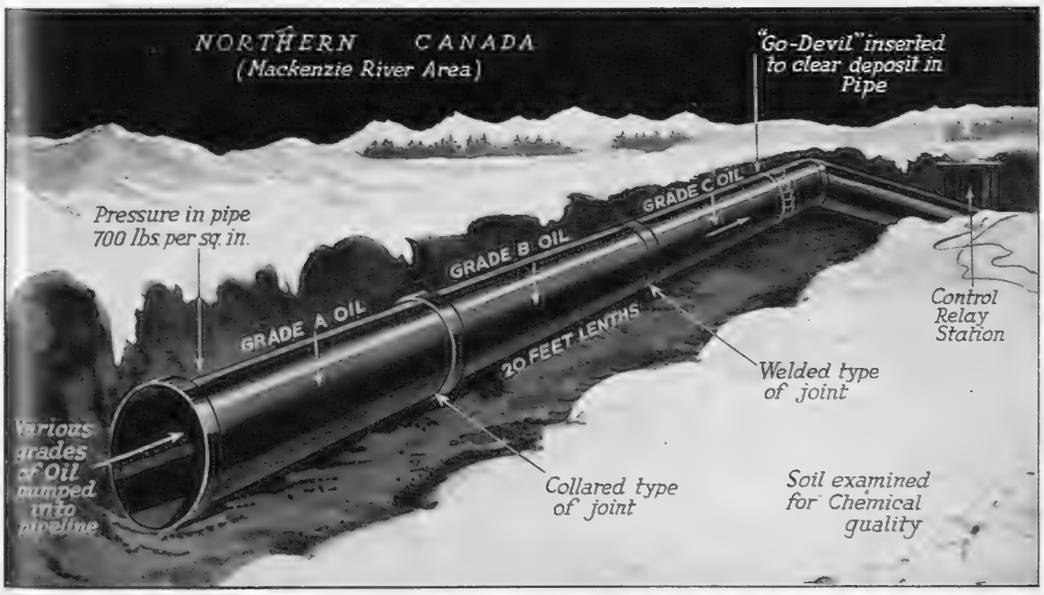
In Canada and the United States. How they have been Built in the Face of Great Topographical Difficulties

FULL details have only recently been made public of the two great oil pipe-lines which the war has brought into being on the North American continent. One, the "Big Inch," as it is popularly called, runs right across the major part of the Eastern United States for a distance of 1,388 miles; the other, in Western Canada, traverses some 500 to 600 miles of the most difficult country a pipe-line has ever had to negotiate. When comparing the magnitude of the two tasks, and the great engineering feats involved, the structural difficulties of the Canadian or Norman Oilfield pipe balance the extra length of the "Big Inch" pipe. Eleven hundred miles of rough north-west Canadian country had to be traversed before the necessary construction material arrived on the spot.

It is doubtful whether, but for the exigencies of the world war, the Norman Pipe-line would ever have been constructed. In addition to the climatic severities of the weather—intense heat and mosquitoes in summer, and great cold in winter—the pipe route had to be plotted so that it could surmount the 8,000-ft. Mackenzie Range. This meant placing in position suitable pumps to force the oil up the towering slopes of the Mackenzies, and brakes on the opposite side to minimise the downward pressure on the pipe-line. However, with an army of



On right—**HOW THE NORMAN OILFIELD OUTPUT IS CONVEYED TO THE OUTER WORLD—550 miles through difficult country to the Whitehorse Refinery, where the distribution of the petrol takes place.** This Canadian war effort traverses one of the most difficult stretches of country which have ever confronted oil engineers. The field lies to the south of the Great Bear Lake. The output, which is fortunately not sensitive to the very low temperatures it encounters, is conveyed across the Mackenzie River and over the 8,000-ft. Mackenzie Range—to mention two only of its major difficulties. At Whitehorse the oil is refined and distributed westerly to the Aleutian war area and southwards to various oil ports. All construction material had to be conveyed 500 miles down the Athabaskca and Slave rivers to the Great Slave Lake, and then another 600 miles down the Mackenzie River to the oilfield area



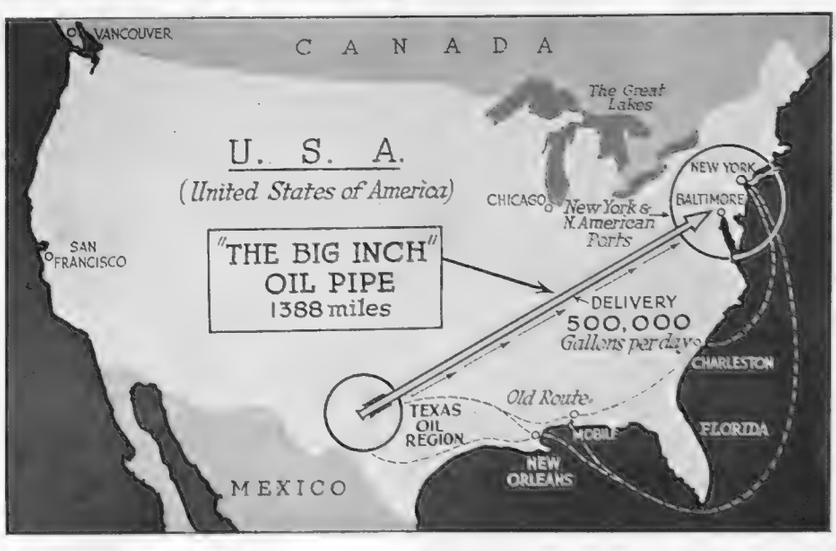
Special tapping points and pumps to handle the delivery of these are installed. Another odd point is the absolute necessity of making sure that each section of pipe is clear of obstruction before being laid in its trench: hats, coats, reptiles, rodents and birds have frequently to be removed during this work. The cleansing of the pipes does not cease with construction. Waxy deposits, for instance, have to be removed by a cutter known as a "go-devil," which is forced along the inside of the pipes.

On left—**HOW A BIG PIPE-LINE IS CONSTRUCTED out of 20-ft. lengths with welded joints.** A big oil pipe-line is one continuous extension of 20-ft. lengths of steel piping usually with welded joints. Sometimes it stands in the open on specially constructed rests; usually it is insulated and buried in a trough. Various grades of oil are carried in the pipe-line at the same time when necessary, special pumping apparatus being installed. Pressure inside the pipe is usually about 700 lbs to the square inch. Waxy and other deposits occur on occasion, and have to be cleared out by the use of a metal scraper known as a "go-devil"

5,000 labourers, the work was pushed on and completed at Whitehorse, where the main refinery was erected. From this point, oil is sent westward along the Alaskan Highway for ultimate use by the U.S. forces concerned with operations in and around the Aleutian Islands, and southwards to ports whence the oil is delivered by steamships which convey it to several other distribution centres.

The "Big Inch" pipe-line is conveying oil from the Texas oilfields to the northern ports of the United States across a very varied territory. There are the problems of the flat, open deserts of the south to be met, and the slopes of the Allegheny Range to be climbed, before the oil pours into the containers of the oil-tanker fleet. The pipes have had to be specially guarded in places against the chemical action of the local soil; and special wrapping machines were employed to cover the pipes with insulating material.

One of the strangest facts about these big pipe-lines is that they can carry different types, or grades, of oil at the same time.

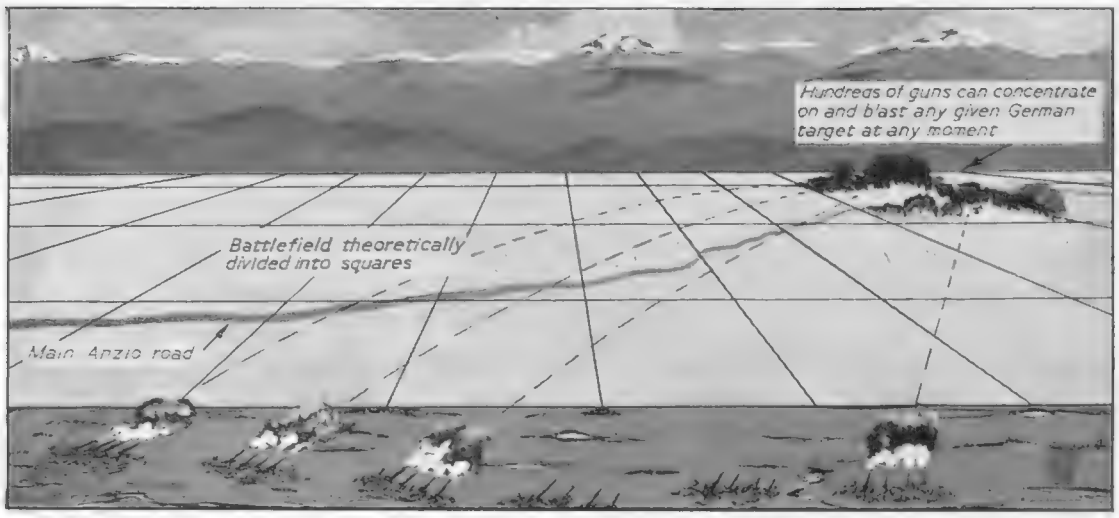


On right—**THE HUGE "BIG INCH" PIPE-LINE which traverses nearly the whole of the Eastern States of the U.S.** This great war effort obviates the sea passage of oil from the southern oil ports to the northern oil distributing centres in America. It measures 1,388 miles in length and delivers 500,000 gallons of oil daily at desired points. The old route is indicated in the diagram by broken lines: it went partially overland by way of New Orleans and Mobile and Charleston

ARTILLERY at WORK in the BEACHHEAD

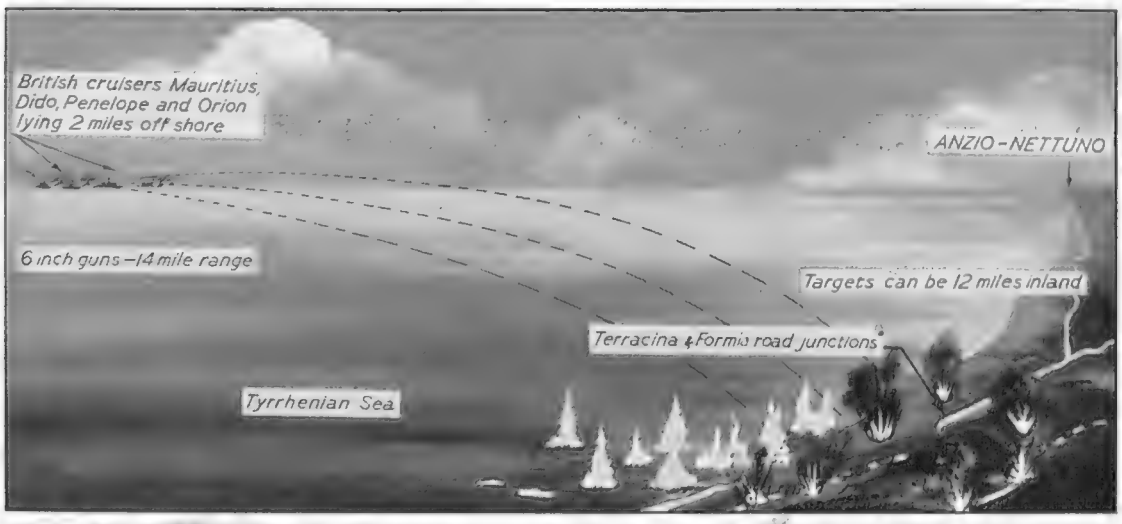
And Details of Some New Allied Equipment and Weapons

I—THE CONCENTRATION OF THE ENEMY'S LONG-DISTANCE GUNS to operate against the Allied troops within the Anzio bridgehead. These guns operated at a range of 36,000 yards, whilst guns of lesser calibre were brought to bear against our own field-artillery



II—THE CONCENTRATION OF ALLIED FIRE POWER ON GIVEN "SQUARES." The whole area occupied by the enemy was plotted out and hundreds of guns were brought to bear on given targets. Many tank attacks by the Germans were broken up by the employment of such tactics

III—HOW THE GERMAN MASSED INFANTRY ATTACKS WERE COUNTERED. 3·7-in. guns, firing shrapnel, carried out bombardments of the enemy's slit trenches and thus kept the infantry down when they should have been attempting to rush the Allied positions



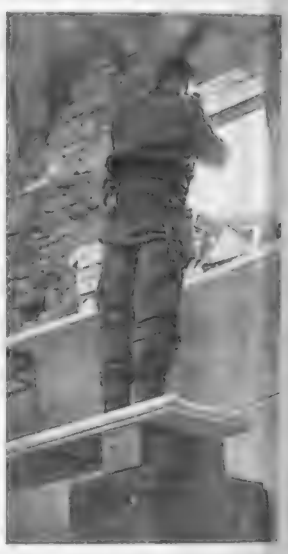
IV—THE NAVY TAKES A HAND in the bombardment of the German shore positions. Cruisers and destroyers, lying two miles off-shore, were able to cover the beachhead to a depth of some twelve miles

—Drawings by B. C. Wood

"FLASH-SPOTTING" FOR THE ARTILLERY on the Fifth Army front : Apart from aerial reconnaissance, the only means of locating enemy artillery is by the ground spotting of gun-flashes with special apparatus known as an optical flash-spotter. Where conditions permit—as in this case on the range of hills to the south of the Garigliano—four flash-spotting teams make independent observations, to minimise any inaccuracy. Their findings are correlated at the plotting centre by telephone

THE fighting in and around the Rome beachhead area has been characterised by great artillery concentrations all along the front. When the German High Command found, as the result of small trial actions, that they could not easily pierce the Allied perimeter, they began to mass heavy and medium guns into the adjacent areas. With these they hoped to make the Allied position impossible. In the four drawings reproduced here, the results are summarised :

I—Heavy guns probably mounted on rail trucks and operating from districts to the south-east of Rome, began firing towards the actual landing beaches. If these guns possessed the 36,000-yard range they were credited with, it would enable a shell to be fired from the Albano district right to the beaches—a distance of some 20 miles. This type of artillery attack was maintained at irregular intervals. It did not stop the work upon the beaches. The enemy also attempted to weaken our position before he launched his big



THE FORWARD OBSERVATION OFFICER of a Canadian Artillery Field Regiment, directing the fire of the guns on to the enemy's positions. This observation post was under frequent machine-gun fire and subject to sniping, as the enemy held all the ground beyond 400 yards

A NEW ROLE FOR THE A.-A. GUNS IN ITALY : Gunners of a London Heavy A.-A. battery, veterans of the Eighth Army campaign in the siege of Tobruk, are now doing double duty with their 3·7-in. guns in the forward areas in Italy. In addition to supplying high-level A.-A. protection, they are being used as tactical field-artillery. The usual A.-A. shell, fitted with a time-fuse which explodes over the target, is used. The normal slit trenches, which afford protection from ordinary ground-bursting shells, are useless against the rain of steel from these shells. The guns can be switched to A.-A. position in a moment. This battery played an important part in the defence of Cardiff and Hull during the Battle of Britain. The average overseas service of the men is three years

assault by turning on sufficient field-guns to produce a fire of 700 shells in fifteen minutes in any one given area.

II—The German long-distance gunnery was answered by the Allied Air Arm, which sent out four-engined bombers over the area from which the big enemy guns were firing. The Allied field-artillery was also steadily massing up with every day's delivery at the beaches; when the big assault did come, massed guns were able to concentrate a terrific fire on the German positions. Certain tank advances proved the "gunners' dream"; they would enter a square which had already been plotted—as, indeed, had the whole of the area. All these tank adventures were checked.

III—In the effort to counter the massed infantry attacks, various curtains of fire were employed. 3·7-in. guns were used as anti-personnel weapons, being supplied with time-fuses which made them burst like shrapnel.

IV—Supporting the land artillery, the guns of the Royal Navy have done excellent work over a 14-mile range; standing two miles out at sea, any position twelve miles inland could be reached.

On right—**THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT HEAVIES.** The big guns of the Anti-Aircraft Command weigh from ten to fifteen tons apiece. They are moved from place to place in Britain by the men of a Tractor Battery. To qualify for a place in one of these batteries, a man must have long experience of driving heavy vehicles and be an expert in map-reading. Frequently, it (*continued below on right*)

HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS MOVED BY A TRACTOR BATTERY: Men of the battery working the jack handles to raise the static gun off the ground and thus obtain the necessary road clearance for travelling. The weight involved is between ten and fifteen tons

HOW THE HEAVIES OF A.-A. COMMAND ARE SHIFTED. The gun-towing vehicle of a Tractor Battery pulling a 3·7-in. static gun mounted on transporter equipment

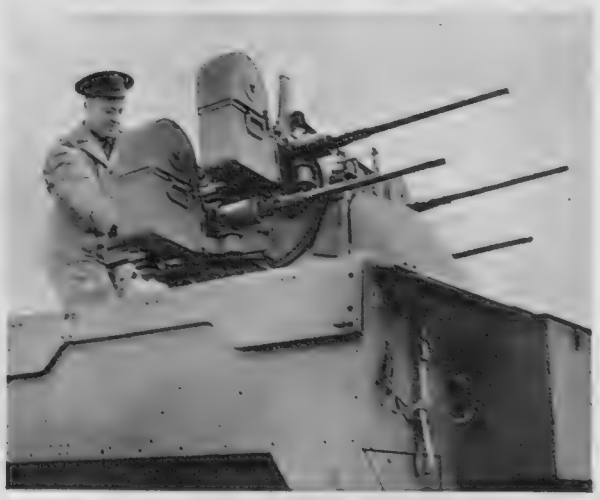
is impossible to turn round if a mistake has been made, owing to the width of the roads. Since its inception in July 1941, a Tractor Battery stationed in Scotland has travelled 300,000 miles, towing over 1,000 guns to various destinations. They have only failed to deliver one gun, which was badly ditched by a 60-ft. R.A.F. wagon. Often they receive orders to move guns late at night; and the work has to be done by "feel," as lights are forbidden. The Tractor Battery work with men of the Royal Electrical Mechanical Engineers (R.E.M.E.), who are responsible for removing the more delicate parts of heavy A.-A. guns, which travel stored away in the tractor. Special transporters are used for removing static guns, and the R.E.M.E. supply their own special tools for the job. One of the battery's most notable achievements was the removal of several dozen guns a total of 82,000 miles by all vehicles employed in three days. Two members of this battery have received Certificates of Meritorious Service from General Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command

A NEW WEAPON FROM THE U.S. This is the new "Brief Case" machine-gun, of which photographs have only just been released. Its principal characteristic is the rapidity of its fire. In general appearance and construction it resembles our own Sten gun. The weapon is a new ·45 calibre M-3 sub-machine-gun: it can be taken apart easily and carried in a dispatch case

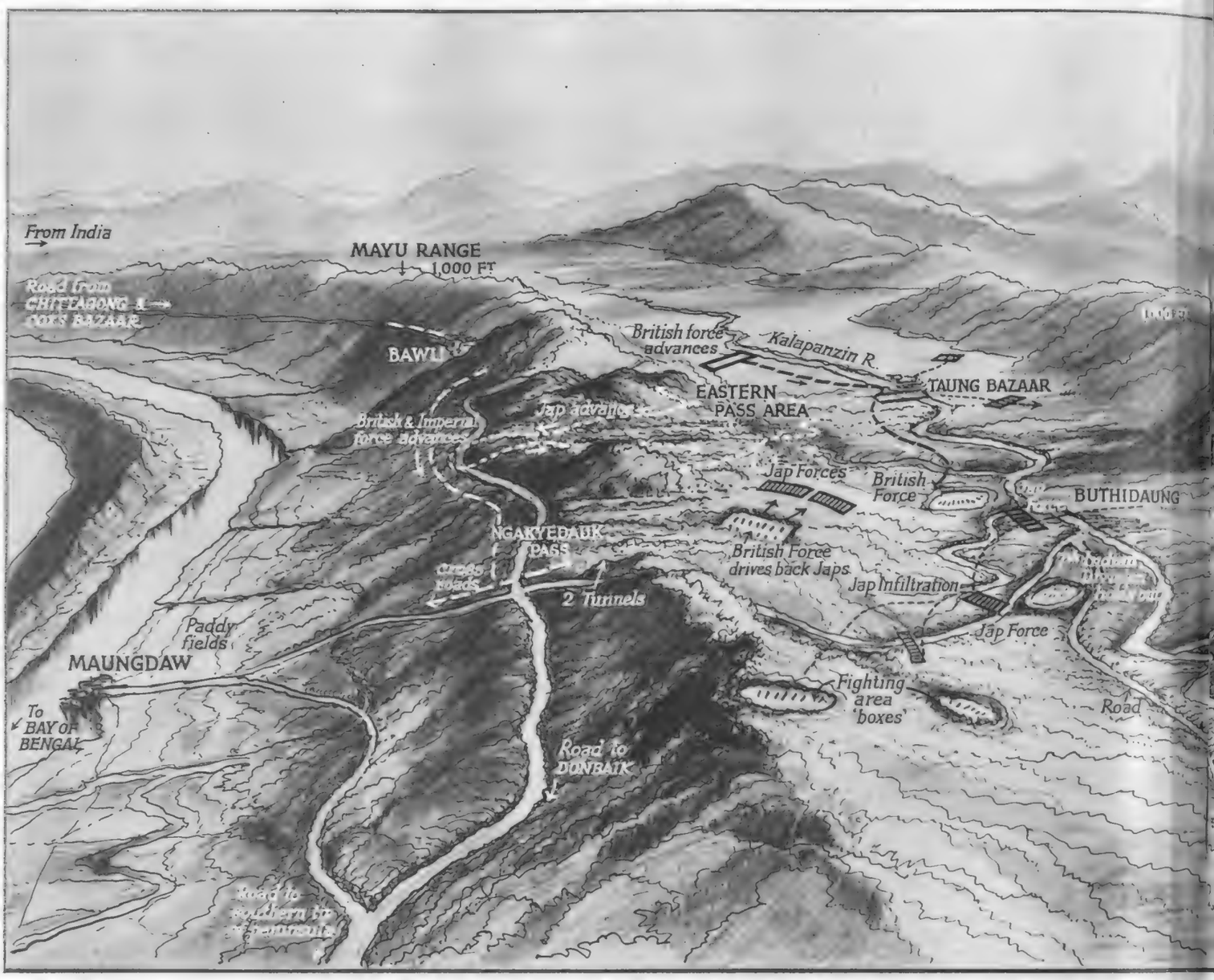
1—MAKING A RUNWAY: Into the mixer the men shovel sand, stone and cement, which transforms the mud into a flat concrete stretch

2—FOR THE DRAINS: The Barber Greene trenching-machine has been busy and this is the result: trenches 3 ft. wide and 6 ft. deep

3—THE JOB IS FINISHED. A Whitley bomber, one of the first aircraft to use the runway, takes off on a trial flight: Working in leather jackets and woollen caps as protection against the stinging winds of north-east Yorkshire, men of a R.A.F. Works Squadron transformed muddy grassland into part of an airfield in a few weeks. They tackle any airfield construction job in the shortest time, working long hours to break records and increase the Allied air-striking power. Here they extended a runway by 300 yards, so that it could be used by four-engined as well as two-engined bombers, and made a new perimeter track around it. The land was first levelled and drained. Then the huge concrete-mixer got busy, dealing with more than 3,000 tons of material each day. In twelve hours, fifty men had laid 2,000 squared yards of concrete six inches thick. The Works Flight, with its bulldozer, concrete-mixer, tractors and giant trenching-machine, is part of an Airfield Construction Wing. There are many such Wings working all over Britain



THIS IS THE "WASP WAGON," another American idea. Four machine-guns of ·50 calibre constitute the sting of the "wagon." They are mounted on top of one of the new half-track vehicles of the U.S. Army, and they constitute the newest mobile anti-aircraft weapon



THE NGAKYEDAUK PASS AND THE OPERATIONS IN THE ARAKAN AREA AT THE SOUTH END OF THE BURMA-INDIA FIGHTING LINE, where the Japanese were thrust back along the Mayu Ridge with very heavy losses. The Japs had intended to surround our forces and to beat the remainder back into the sea in another "Dunkirk": but this attempt was frustrated by the formation of "boxes" until other British columns were able to turn the tables on the Japs and to trap one whole division, which was finally wiped out in our "first big victory in Burma"—*Drawing by Percy Home*

VICTORY OVER THE JAPS IN BURMA

The Struggle for Arakan, and the Defeat of the Yellow Men in Ngakyedauk Pass

—Special Sphere Diagrams and Drawings

FOR some little time past, a British and Imperial Force had been working its way into the Burmese hill country which lies just across the Indian frontier, south-east of Chittagong. The main traffic route into this Arakan territory is a highway which passes through Cox's Bazaar and traverses the western slopes of the Mayu range, a line of hills which extends the whole length of the main peninsula.

The area immediately concerned in the present fighting is confined within the three points of Maungdaw, a small port on the sea side of the range; Buthidaung, a small Burmese town on the left bank of the upper Mayu River, here called the Kalapanzin; and Kyauktaw, in the Kalavin Valley. The sides of the Mayu River, which at present forms the eastern boundary of the area of conflict, are at parts characterised by mango swamps. On the sea, or western boundary, there is firm, level sand, running back into paddy-fields, grouped on the lower slopes of the Mayu range, which, although it rarely reaches above 1,000 ft. in height, is a formidable natural barrier, owing both to the steepness of its sides and the fact that it is everywhere clothed with thick, semi-tropical bush.

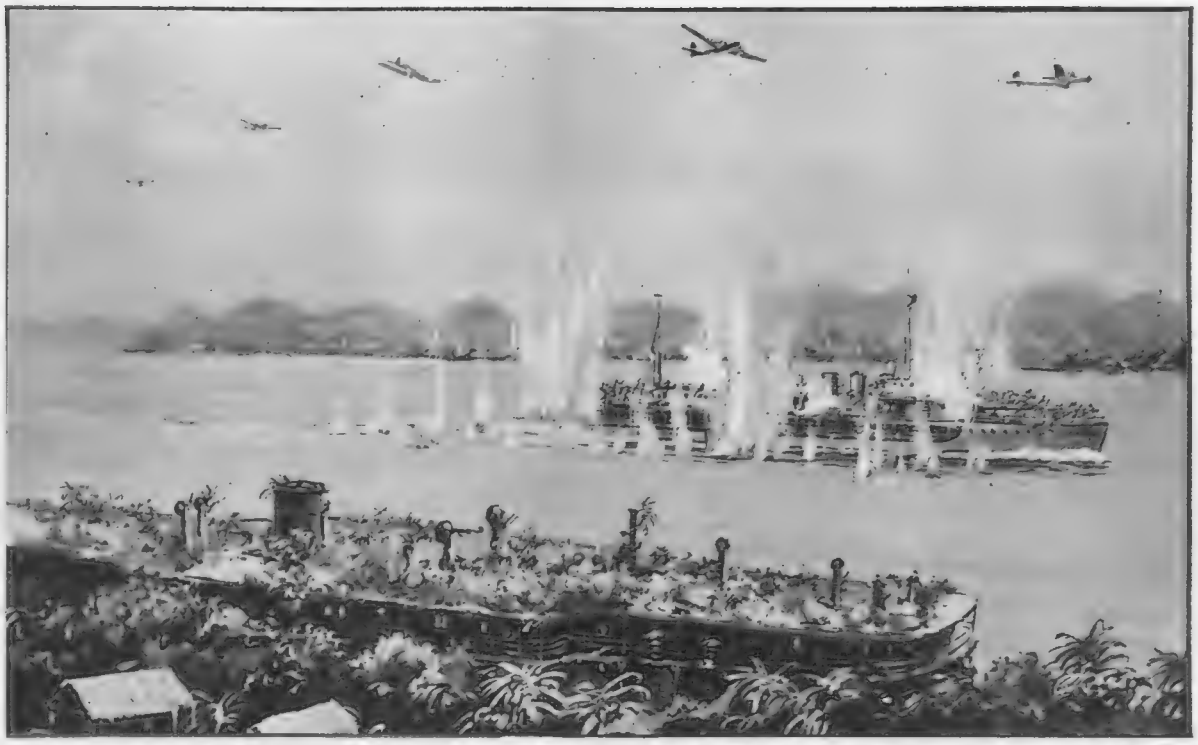
The main north-to-south road is traversed by an east-to-west road linking Maungdaw with Buthidaung. The cross-road occurs just to the west of the Ngakyedauk Pass, in the vicinity of which the fiercest fighting with the Japanese has taken place. The road to Buthidaung is carried through two tunnels near the crest of the ridge.

The fighting which is taking place in Arakan began very quietly away back in last December. The actions which took place seemed at first to be merely a strengthening of the patrol work, which had been going on almost continuously. Then it was observed that a strong force of troops had come down the main northerly route, striking for the cross-road cutting the Maungdaw-Buthidaung road. This forced the Japanese to retire hastily, offering little opposition from Maungdaw, which was occupied on January 11. Another force made its way down the Kalapanzin Valley, probing forward, finding the enemy on hill-tops, forcing them out and gradually "seeping" onwards. Taung Bazar, on the upper part of the Kalapanzin River, was occupied, and the troops slowly made their way towards Buthidaung from the north, getting within three miles of the Japanese main position.

On February 4 the enemy began a great infiltrating movement, sending at least 6,000 troops, elaborately camouflaged, getting behind our forward troops, cutting off supplies by holding positions at the eastern end of the Ngakyedauk Pass. They re-occupied Taung Bazar, then only slightly held, and pushed on to the Baroli road, where they blew up bridges.

For three weeks the Seventh Indian Division, near Buthidaung, held firm, though without communication with the main army. They continued a tough resistance, making no effort to escape. In the Ngakyedauk Pass area, tanks made attacks on the Japanese holding two dominant hills at the eastern end. These hills changed hands several times. By the close of the month the Japanese forces had been rounded up or driven off into the eastern jungle. The Japanese killed numbered 1,500, representing nearly a quarter of the attacking forces in the Arakan area. It was stated that about 3,000 of the enemy were probably wounded and the residue were being encircled. Allied casualties were about 300. It was further revealed that during the period when the Ngakyedauk Pass was rendered unusable by the enemy, the whole of the division holding the surrounding pass area was supplied with munitions by aircraft.

AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN THE BURMA JUNGLE: This is the Seagrave Hospital Unit, headed by Colonel Gordon S. Seagrave, a former Baptist Medical Missionary. It is staffed by Americans, with Burmese nurses, British helpers, Chinese orderlies and Naga coolies. It cares for Chinese soldiers, for native Naga tribesmen and for Americans



HOW THE JAPS CAMOUFLAGE THEIR RIVER CRAFT ON THE CHINDWIN, AND OTHER RIVERS OF BURMA: A house-boat disguised with a garden of greenery is attacked by Allied aircraft—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In the foreground is a large river-steamer in use as a Japanese headquarters: the upper works have been removed, and the deck covered with vegetation—as camouflage. While this may help to conceal a vessel moored against a jungly river-bank, it is of little or no use when the vessel is under way, as the broken water of the wake will betray her whereabouts

TRAIN-BUSTING IN THE FAR EAST. A train on fire after being attacked by R.A.F. Beaufighters at Kokkogon, about 40 miles along the branch line from Pyinwana on the Rangoon-Mandalay Railway. From the speed with which the train caught fire, it is considered likely that it was carrying oil

THE R.A.F. STRAFING THE JAPANESE LINES OF SUPPLY: Akyab was originally a small fishing village: it is now a leading port and a vital Jap supply centre. It is therefore coming in for a big share of the R.A.F.'s offensive. This photograph shows some of the damage wrought by British bombers recently on the banks of the Satyogya Creek, on the Kaladin River near Akyab. The river-steamers moored against the banks are used by the Japanese to transport troops: they have frequently been attacked by R.A.F. bombers during air operations throughout Burma

Above—**THE NEW "BURMA ROAD" NEAR LEDO.** *On right*—**A SECTION OF THE ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION BY U.S. ENGINEERS.** The Ledo Road runs across the southern fringes of the Himalayas. It is being built at record speed by American engineers and Chinese labour. When completed, it will link China with India, and it will then take the place of the old Burma Road

On left—**THE INDIA-BURMA FIGHTING LINE, showing the three main sectors in which operations against the Japs are proceeding**

1—In the north there is the Hukawng Valley sector, where American-trained Chinese troops, about 65 miles inside Burma, are gradually pushing in front the moving roadhead of the Ledo Road. This is being built from Assam to link eventually with the old Burma Road to China.
2—In the centre, the India-Burma frontier, there is a zone of activity in Kabaw Valley and Chin Hills, both ahead of the two prongs radiating from the Manipur Road. Our troops extend across Kabaw Valley to Chindwin River, about 20 miles inside Burma. Along the Chindwin lie the outer bastions of the Japanese defences covering Central Burma. In Chin Hills, about 20 miles inside Burma, our troops face the tentacle of Japanese defences reaching across the Chindwin.
3—In the south, in the Arakan or coastal sector, where the opportunistic policy of steady pressure has advanced forward elements of the Fourteenth Army 12 miles, most of this in the last three weeks, the spearhead of our troops is about 30 miles inside Burma, just south-east of Maungdaw. To-day the Arakan Front is a constructed pattern of defended localities, is fluid in our favour and this road is the key to current operations

TWO YEARS of "WISHFUL THINKING"

A Diary-Record of Some of the Events which Caused Hopes to Run High in Britain

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the preliminary softening-up of the Continent already in full swing preparatory to the Second Front, everyone is wishing and thinking that the war against Germany may be finished before the winter, although the Prime Minister himself recently announced that he could not guarantee that 1944 would, in fact, see a defeated Germany.

The Prime Minister is not a wishful thinker. Ever since his famous "blood, sweat and tears" speech at the time of Dunkirk he has tried to prepare us for a long war. Who invented the phrase "wishful thinking," or combined alarm with despondency I do not know. It is certainly difficult to be patriotically optimistic without being a wishful thinker. It has also been difficult to be a realist and avoid being unpatriotically pessimistic. But of the two, I would prefer to be a wishful thinker rather than an alarmist. At least you may do other people's morale a bit of good.

I say all this because I have been looking through my private diary of the past two years, and am astonished to find how often I noted down ridiculously rosy hopes for the future. Needless to say, it was not until November 4, 1942, when there came that B.B.C. announcement of "cracking good news" of our break-through after Alamein, that my diary shows any signs of optimism. But after the American landing in North Africa and the capitulation of the French forces in Algeria, wishful thinking became very natural after the years of continuous bad news. So it was that on January 1, 1943, I wrote: "I wonder what 1943 will provide? It may be wishful thinking, but I do not expect, if I survive, to see any black-out on January 1, 1944. The Russians are still advancing on all fronts, and it really looks as though von Hoth's divisions in front of Stalingrad are in a lot of trouble and may be starved to death."

On January 29 last year I recorded a conversation with a senior Army officer, who said that the German generals were much more interested in what historians would say about them 100 years hence than in the sufferings of the German people, so that within a year they would disregard Hitler: indeed, that this might happen quite soon. The German mourning after Stalingrad added to one's wishful thinking. The overrunning of the American troops at Kasserine damped it a bit, but the Debate on the Beveridge Report certainly made me think that the end of the war could not be far away if so much attention was being paid to post-war conditions.

On February 26 I recorded the persistent rumours about Finland wanting to make peace: "They are tied up with the visit of Archbishop Spellman to the Pope." Indeed, all the reports from Stockholm were full of wishful thinking at the time about Finland's early exit from the war.

The stepping-up of the R.A.F.'s raids on the Ruhr, and the stories of the terrible damage they were inflicting on the factories with loads of a thousand tons of bombs, also encouraged my optimism, like that of other people.

On March 16, 1943, I recorded: "There are many rumours about Eden's visit to Washington. Some say that he is discussing peace plans, but that is probably wishful thinking." The recapture of Kharkov by the Germans set me back a bit that week, but the breaking of the Mareth Line on March 23, 1943, was a real tonic. On April 25 church bells were allowed to be rung only for the second time since 1939. That certainly helped wishful thinking. On May 7, the dramatic flash that Tunis and Bizerta had fallen simultaneously increased optimism about the early termination of the war. Then came the statement by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P., on May 10: "The week-end of May 8-9, 1943, is as black for Germany as the week-end of August 14-15, 1918," he said. The obvious inference was that the war would be over by September 1943, especially as Mr. Lyttelton's previous prophecies had been exceedingly correct. That same day the Prime Minister suddenly appeared in Washington, and it was easy to think wishfully that he was discussing possible offers of a negotiated peace from Germany, especially as it had become increasingly apparent that the German troops at Cape Bon definitely cracked in spite of their strong position and enormous quantities of guns and ammunition.

On June 1 I recorded that there were all kinds of rumours about Italy's immediate collapse, as well as the statement that we had sunk fifty enemy submarines in the previous two months.

The American coal strike was a slight deterrent to one's hopes of an early end of the war in the Western Hemisphere, but the invasion of Sicily on July 10 and the rapid collapse of the Italian defenders also helped wishful thinking. This was encouraged by the hamburging of Hamburg, the bombing of the Ploesti oilfields, and particularly the disclosure in August 1943 of the Russian organisation of a Free German movement. Several people "in the know" assured me, as I have recorded in my diary, that the Germans would put up only a token resistance if we invaded the Continent from the west to enable us to reach Berlin before the Russians. It was, in fact, August 7 that this particularly virulent form of wishful thinking seems first to have become widespread. Besides, General Montgomery announced that the Germans in Italy "were now doomed" only three days later. Shortly afterwards, Rome was declared an open city, all organised resistance in Sicily ended, and the sudden ban on the South Coast resorts suggested, as it was no doubt meant to suggest, that our Expeditionary Force would be returning to the Continent within a few days and possibly end the war before November 11.

Wishful thinking was further spurred by the revelations about Amgot, which inferred that our plans for policing Germany were soon to be put into effect. There is no doubt that the end of the war seemed imminent to many people last August and September, especially in view of the Quebec talks. Everyone thought that this Conference was discussing peace offers from the German generals, if not from Hitler. Wishful thinking was also encouraged by the Old Moore's Almanac for 1944 (the genuine Longman's Empire edition). These almanacs are always sold some months ahead of their date-line, and as I noted in my diary, the professional prophet began with the statement for January 1, 1944: "The momentous year 1944 opens with rather mixed conditions generally. Hitler, the despotic despoiler of nations, has been dethroned; the mendacious Mussolini no longer counts. . . . Japan is reduced and repentant. . . . For Germany, Italy and her Allies it will truly be a period of poignant retribution. . . ."

Salerno provided a healthy jolt for the wishful thinkers, but the advance of the Russians to Smolensk, and the fall of Naples on October 2, revived the hopes that this war would not last as long as World War I. True, the recapture of the Dodecanese by the Germans was a bad blow. On the other hand, the Portuguese permission for us to occupy the Azores was a tremendous fillip for wishful thinking, encouraged further by Badoglio's declaration of war on Germany.

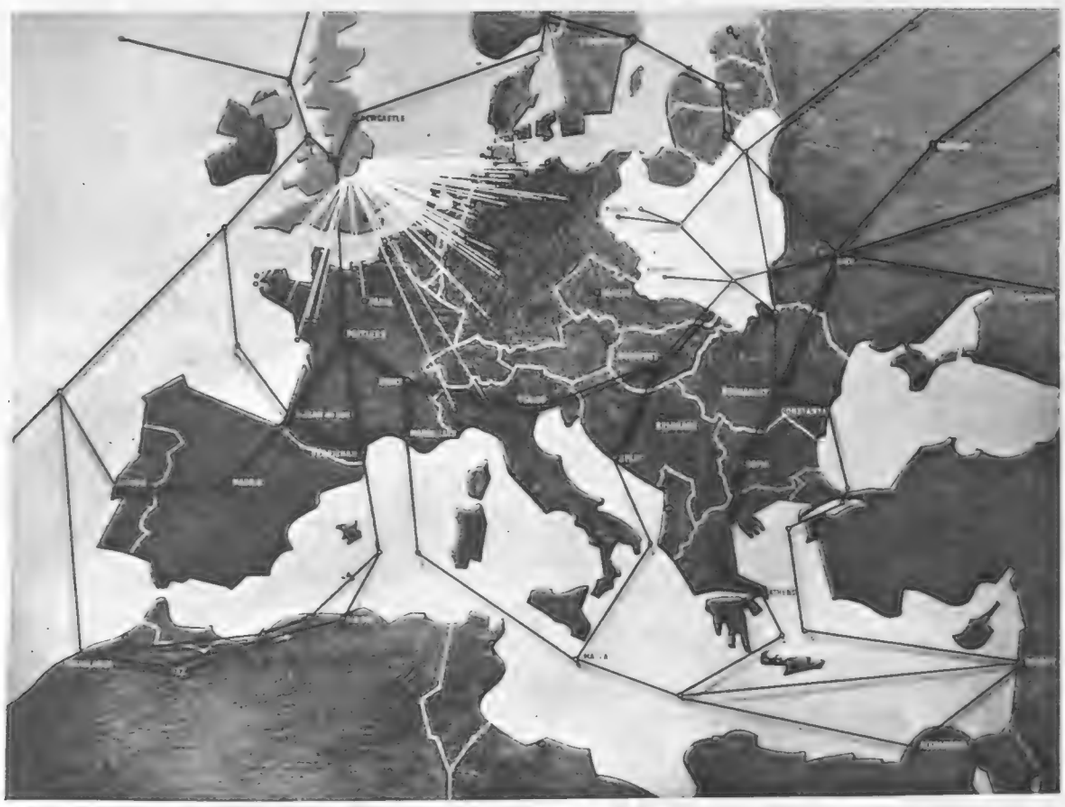
All kinds of bets were being laid that the war would be over by November 11, or at least December 10. Those who hedged their bets to Christmas or December 31 were regarded as pessimists by many people. The Moscow Conference during the last days of October suggested to many that the war was practically over, and that only the delay in the final framing of the armistice terms prevented an almost immediate cessation of hostilities in Europe. Lord Halifax announced on October 31, 1943, that anything might happen on the German home front, hinting, in fact, that it might easily collapse before Christmas. And so it went throughout November and December of last year. The Teheran Conference, the continued advance of the Russians, the start of the Anglo-American offensive against German fighters on January 11, 1944, all encouraged wishful thinking.

It is true that those alarmist stories about the Anzio Beachhead caused discomfort, but General Alexander's crisp denunciation of pessimistic stories about the Fifth Army rapidly increased the ranks of wishful thinkers. It was, therefore, a remarkably painful affair when the *Luftwaffe* suddenly reminded Londoners, and particularly wishful thinkers in London, that its bolt was not shot.

As I read through what I have just written, I begin once again to be a wishful thinker in spite of myself, and in spite of the historical fact that no great war has ever ended in the spring. It has always dragged on until the autumn. "Yes," say the wishful thinkers, "but in previous wars peoples and armies had to continue fighting through the summer in order to get in the crops, whereas in this war tinned goods make it unnecessary."

Well, there you are. My record shows that I have been a wishful thinker for two years. So does my cheque book. I have been paying out hard cash for months over various wagers which time has shown to have been remarkably silly. At least, however, I have learnt my lesson, and am making no further bets on the probable duration of the war.

But, I repeat, if some of us had not been guilty of wishful thinking in the past, morale would not be so high as it is to-day, in spite of the imminence of death and destruction from rocket guns, pilotless planes, and all the other secret weapons which the Germans are keeping up their sleeve for the moment when the Second Front begins.



A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION FROM A NEW OFFICIAL RECORD JUST PUBLISHED: How Polish airmen reached Britain after their country had been conquered by the Germans, and the raids they have carried out against the enemy since.

There 's Freedom in the Air is the title of a new booklet prepared by the Ministry of Information for the Air Ministry and published a few days ago, price 6d. It is the official story of the Allied Air Forces from the Occupied Countries: the picture reproduced here is one of the many telling illustrations contained in the record. It shows a map which hangs on the wall of the Intelligence Room of a Polish bomber squadron which now operates from an R.A.F. Station in England: it is a map of Europe and West Asia and North Africa—and it is in wood. The continents and countries are painted in colours. Europe, Africa and Asia are painted brown, Poland is bright red, England is bright green. All over this map, in a wide circle covering every single country except Germany, are scores of chromium pins. They are joined together with strings of blue wool. All these strings begin in Poland and end in England. They are the journeys of escape. There is no country in Europe, Asia Minor or North Africa to which one of these strings does not go. They extend as far north as Sweden, as far east as Russia, as far south as Syria and Egypt. They go through Rumania, where thousands of Poles first gathered after their defeat, through Greece and Yugoslavia, Turkey and Switzerland, France and Spain: even through Italy. The strings come, too, across the Atlantic, across the north from the United States, across the south from South America. They are scattered everywhere. But on the map there are other strings. They are coloured yellow. They are not scattered. They are concentrated. Compared with the strings of escape, they are short. They radiate from a single point in England to a circle of sixty different points from Brest to as far east as the Baltic ports. These strings and these points are the record of retaliation. They are the record of the bomber operations of the Polish Air Force in England

ACQUISITIONS by the NATIONAL TRUST

And Other News Items of Home Interest

A COTSWOLD MARKET HALL PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: This famous building at Chipping Campden is of Jacobean date; it is supported by open stone arcades resting on a cobbled floor and has a richly timbered roof. The hall was the centre of the wool trade that made Chipping Campden so wealthy a place until the late seventeenth century. It stands in the High Street of the beautiful Cotswold town, and is known to many thousands of visitors. The Market Hall is a picturesque survival of the days when the merchants and citizens grew prosperous on the wool from the great flocks of sheep which pastured on the nearby hills

A 200-YEAR-OLD HOUSE GIVEN TO THE NATION—Bank House, at Wisbech, which has been presented to the National Trust by Miss Alexandrina Peckover: This is a fine eighteenth-century house which was built in 1722 and which stands in about 46 acres of land; it has large gardens to the rear, and stands in a street along the north side of the River Nene. The interior is a splendid example of rococo work of the first half of the eighteenth century. The plaster, woodwork and carving were the work of French artists who came to Norfolk to decorate Houghton Hall for Sir Robert Walpole

A.T.S. GIRLS HELP TO TRAIN WAR DOGS—Returning with their charges after exercising: These girls are attached to a War Dogs Training School on the outskirts of London. They look after the dogs in everything but the actual training, which is carried out by men. They feed, groom and exercise the dogs, and tend them when they are sick

AMERICAN ARMY NURSES OF THE W.A.C. IN THE EUROPEAN WAR ZONE: Second Lieut. J. H. Williams, from Oklahoma, and Second Lieut. A. Kupsch, from New York. Women who may possibly be the first to set foot on the invasion coasts are now putting the finishing touches to their training at an evacuation hospital in Wales. Their proving ground is an encampment placed like a travelling circus on the border of a small town. Working in this "How Green Was My Valley" setting, is the only hospital in the European Theatre of Operations entirely under canvas. An evacuation hospital is the nearest medical unit to the fighting front, capable of giving definitive treatment. Here a man is treated and returned to duty, or, if it seems that his recovery will take some time, he is sent back to a station or general hospital. When necessary, the unit can be set up in twelve hours, and all its equipment is completely mobile in line with the policy of bringing the hospital to the patient, instead of vice-versa

A CLUB FOR MARRIED COUPLES IN THE SERVICES—Clarendon House, in South Kensington. Married couples, one or both of whom are in the Services, find a real haven at Clarendon House, the Toc H Club in Queensberry Place, South Kensington. For this large, comfortable house is given over to married people exclusively. Fifty people can be slept here every night, and the bright, airy bedrooms and the attractive public rooms appeal enormously to the Service men and women who are in search of pleasant surroundings in which to spend a little well-won leave. So popular is Clarendon House that it is rarely that a day passes with a bedroom vacant. And the very fact that all their fellow-guests are married couples tends to create an atmosphere of friendly camaraderie

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

SCHOOLBOY CLASSICS—Some years ago, in a correspondence which I had with Conan Doyle, the author of *Sherlock Holmes* argued that the favourites of the average schoolboy's library must inevitably be dethroned with time and lose their freshness in the minds of middle-aged men. Broadly, that is true, and it is an inevitable penalty of growing old. Yet almost every man with whom I have discussed the question has cited exceptions to the rule, and these exceptions have often been too many in number to be adduced as "exceptions proving the rule." So much so, that even now I sometimes wonder whether the rule is established in principle at all, or whether there may not be some (perhaps imponderable) attributes of schoolboy fiction which are proof against time and the disillusions of the years. A man can, of course, argue only from his own personal experience. He may possess a nominal roll of his friend's exceptions or those of several friends and contemporaries, but he will never completely understand the reasons which make them exceptions in the experience of his friends.

Among the chief favourites in this genre of my own youth (*æt.* 10 to 16), I should put *The Children of the New Forest, Black Beauty, Lorna Doone, Robinson Crusoe, St. Ives, Treasure Island, The White Company, Rodney Stone, Deadman's Rock* and *Moonfleet*.

To-day, after nearly half a century of testing, four only come quite triumphantly through. I can still read with no noticeable decline of interest (save, of course, the natural decline which complete familiarity brings) *The Children of the New Forest, Lorna Doone, Robinson Crusoe* and *Moonfleet*.

It is the first-named which it is most interesting to analyse. *Lorna Doone*, for all its redundancy and faults of style, is the "life's work" of a fine writer, and has in it much that must always hold the interest of mature minds (e.g., in its rustic lore). *Robinson Crusoe* has been enthroned for 200 years as a permanent classic for all ages and tastes. *Moonfleet* is a work of imagination by an acute and by no means primitive mind, and its appeal is never solely or chiefly the appeal of adventure: it is the appeal of atmosphere. But *The Children* is not so easy to explain. This is pre-eminently a book for children and about children. It is, I suppose, in the "goody-goody" line, and there is nothing acute, cynical or "grown-up" on any page of it. What, then, is there in its composition which maintains its complete interest as a story in the mind of a man of sixty, for whom the bulk of the acknowledged classics of childhood (Kenneth Grahame and so forth) have no longer any appeal?

I confess I cannot account for it, unless by an accident of early association, such as a chance first acquaintance at a peculiarly impressionable period through the voice of my mother or father. Of the six named in my list which have failed to pass the test of time, the most interesting example is Q.'s *Deadman's Rock*. All through my youth, I re-read it as an acknowledged thriller of the first class. And it is only lately (indeed, following Q.'s regretted death) that I read it again to find its frailties. Indeed, it has all the clumsiest faults of Victorian melodrama, and that great critic of style must often have blushed to remember an early indiscretion.

I am still a jealous upholder of Stevenson. He did so much for English literature. He was a true artist and a brave man. I detest the jackals which snap between his legs. Yet I have to admit that *St, Ives* is very patchy and often inferior, and that many of Stevenson's young heroes (Jim Hawkins, David Balfour, St. Ives) seem to me now frequently irritating, and some of their actions to be accounted for rather as expedients of the author's art (to keep the story going) than as true to nature or individual character.

Midnight Oil.—Conan Doyle did not aspire to Stevenson's genius or complete with Stevenson in style. But he was a first-rate storyteller—perhaps among the best half-dozen in all English fiction. He had one thing in common with his great master Scott. When he adventured into historical romance, he could rarely banish the smell of midnight oil from his pages. The researches into history and local colour blot and patch and interrupt the flow of narrative. This fault grows glaring as the reader's critical faculties improve with advancing age, and in Doyle's case the criticism is more noticeable in *The White Company* than in *Rodney Stone*. In the latter, the sheer interest of the narrative triumphs over the evidences of research, which are none the less glaring enough.

It is probably true that with every decade since Defoe's time the technique of story-telling, the novelist's art, has constantly improved. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Jane Austen, George Eliot, the Brontës (to name a few)—all were pioneers and experimenters in what was still in their day a comparatively new medium in English literature, a medium which had deeper roots and a longer tradition in the Mediterranean countries. In the days of Shakespeare and the early seventeenth century, we were still confessed borrowers in this medium from the Latin countries, and our pre-eminence in their patent was not attained and acknowledged until the Victorian Age was well begun, despite the enormous number of master pioneers and clever amateurs who were pouring out novels for the circulating libraries. Every age, no doubt, considers that it has reached perfection in some forms of scientific or artistic invention. It is, of course, a foolish claim, but the present general standard of competence in British novel-writing is so high that excuse exists for it.

More writers than ever before in our literary history can turn out a competent novel and have mastered all the technique required to make it acceptable to contemporary taste. But the mystery of immortality in literature remains unsolved. And just as a "best-seller" may differ from a "classic" as chalk from cheese, so we may confidently assert that neither competence in telling a story, nor mastery of technique or style, nor the luck or judgment of contemporary moods and favour, can assure survival in posterity. The secret, no doubt, lies in some touch of all-time humanity which no critic has ever succeeded in defining, and that lucky touch can carry a story into immortality without the assistance of accepted standards (even contemporary) of style or technique.

But for this mystery, it would not be unreasonable to claim that on all counts (style, mastery of technique, the sheer power of telling a story), Masefield and Forester to-day in novels of adventure for boys have attained the highest rung and are assured of immortality.

But the proof is to seek. It is much too soon to pronounce judgment. The verdict is always with the generations yet unborn, and the clue to the mystery of immortality will perhaps continue to elude the coming race as, generation after generation, fashions change, as sentimentality succeeds cynicism once more and romantic waves follow waves of realism across the sands of time.

This leads me to a final note on Dumas and the reverse side of my medal. I was never a blind worshipper of Dumas, though I was often deeply thrilled by the first part of *Monte Cristo*. I used to find the *Three Musketeers* a good bedside book for casual episodes chosen haphazard. The *Vicomte* I could never get through. And now I have parted with the *Vicomte* as from an old and dear friend, after a month of enthralled reading, of godsent escapism. Almost I can endorse R. L. S.'s raptures over this long novel, which in its noble philosophy, accuracy of touch, its strength and pathos and insight, outshines, for all its exaggerations and phantasy, the rest of Dumas' creations. A proof of second childhood's approach? Perhaps I am beginning to stage my come-back to the Children's Theatre.

THE NEW CURIE FILM

MADAME CURIE (played by Greer Garson) and PIERRE CURIE (played by Walter Pidgeon) before their great discovery of radium—a scene from the film at the Empire Theatre in London

ON THE POINT OF DISCOVERY: Pierre and Marie Curie in the laboratory reading the electrometer: *Madame Curie* is a brilliant attempt by the film industry to depict the life—and love—of the greatest woman scientist of modern times. In this film the part of Marie Curie is played by Miss Greer Garson, the English stage actress who has made such a resounding success in Hollywood

A CONTROVERSIAL HAMLET

HAMLET WITH HIS OPHELIA at the New Theatre. Mr. Robert Helpmann and Miss Pamela Brown. Mr. Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet* at the New Theatre is still exciting the liveliest controversy. This latest interpretation of Shakespeare's drama has been produced by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and Mr. Michael Benthall: the decor is by Mr. Leslie Urry, and the music by Mr. Constant Lambert

LAERTES (Mr. Geoffrey Toone) kneels to POLONIUS (Mr. Lawrence Hanray): OPHELIA (Miss Pamela Brown) stands on the right—in the New Theatre production of "Hamlet"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The "PLAIN PEOPLE" of PENNSYLVANIA

A Strange Anomaly in a World of Warring Nations

AMISH AND MENNONITE WOMEN, WITH THEIR CHILDREN, chat together as they wait for their menfolk to complete transactions at a country auction in the State of Pennsylvania : Members of these sects are known as the "Plain People," and they have remained contemporary with their ancestors. Many of them cling to their picturesque nineteenth-century dress and religious customs. The stricter order of the Amish people wear hooks and eyes on their clothing, as they consider buttons too worldly

AN AMISH HUSBAND (LEFT) with a young Amish bachelor at a farm auction : The husband is a member of the Church Amish, or new order of the Sect, and is permitted to wear buttons on his clothing. In both divisions of the sect, however, only married men are permitted to grow chin beards

A MENNONITE SCHOOLTEACHER, dressed in the plain clothes demanded by the customs of her faith, instructs a small group of pupils : All through the rich farm lands of Pennsylvania the schools are full of the children of the Plain People. These people live in seclusion, avoiding contact with the world whenever possible. They scorn the use of all modern conveniences, and use only horse-drawn vehicles

BARREVILLE IS A CENTRE FOR AMISH AND MENNONITE FARMERS : Outside telephone booths are a common sight, as are horse-drawn carriages, since the Plain People do not use motor-cars, and will not have telephones in their homes. It is not against their principles to use the telephone, however, so long as it is outside their dwellings

ENCIRCLED STARS AND A HORSE brighten a barn in the rich farm country : According to legend, the Pennsylvania Dutch once painted symbols on their barns to frighten away witches. To-day, the pictures are a common sight over the countryside, but they are purely decorative. Most popular are the star, lily and tulip designs

ON SUNDAYS, THE PLAIN PEOPLE DRIVE TO CHURCH IN HORSE-WAGONS similar to those used by their ancestors. This quaint scene is a familiar one along the modern highways of the Pennsylvania Dutch country

Small communities throughout the United States preserve many of the customs of their ancestors' native lands. Often within a short distance of great industrial areas, these communities are a sharp contrast to the whole American scene of which they are themselves an integral part.

In the rich farm country of the south-eastern U.S. State of Pennsylvania, slow-moving creeks wind through broad, fertile limestone valleys and lose themselves in clumps of woods or disappear under covered bridges. This part of the State is popularly known as the Pennsylvania Dutch country. The people who settled here in the early days of the country came from Switzerland, Holland and Germany in search of freedom to worship God as they chose and to live in accordance with their own beliefs. Of the various religious sects to make their homes here, the Mennonites and the Amish people stand out prominently to-day for their determination to cling to a simple way of life. Because of their plain clothes and rigid adherence to customs of two centuries ago, they are known collectively as the "Plain People."

The Mennonite religion takes its name from Menno Simons, a Dutch priest of the seventeenth century. The principal tenets of the Church include non-resistance, non-swearing of oaths, non-participation in civil government and seclusion from the world. About 1693, a Swiss Mennonite, Jacob Amen, felt that the Church was slipping away from the rigid doctrines of Menno Simons. With sympathisers, Amen formed a group known as the "Amish."

Both sects in America cling to their picturesque nineteenth-century dress and religious customs. Scorning the motor-car, they continue for the most part to drive horse-drawn carriages and wagons. The menfolk are bearded as in the past, and the women and little girls wear ankle-length, aproned skirts and close-fitting lace caps or poke-bonnets.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

DIVERSITY AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Stephen Haggard's Testament of Faith ; A Study of Cardinal Hinsley ; Guerillas Versus the Germans ; Three Thrillers—and a Prehistoric Fantasy

IN the summer of 1940 a young man sat down one evening to write a long letter to his two sons, the children who had left the day before for America, and whom he knew he might never see again. He wrote all through the night, and in the morning had finished a piece of work which was in some sense a testament of faith. "I've written straight off," he told his wife, "a long letter to the boys, telling them what sort of fellow I am, what I believe and what I have experienced, for I feel I shall never see them again." Less than three years later he died on active service in the Middle East.

Stephen Haggard, the writer of that letter, thought that one day it might be published, and he chose for it the title I'LL GO TO BED AT NOON (Faber. 5s.). It is a moving little document, written at white heat, and it demands to be read with sympathy. Its writer has summed up in it all his work on the stage and in writing, and has commented on all the things he would liked to have done before joining the Army.

He achieved a sincere portrait of a sensitive young man who wanted his children to know what their father's beliefs and disillusions had been, so that, even if he were killed, he could still be some kind of guide to them.

"So I hope you will never take anything on trust," he writes to them. "Try to test each piece of knowledge you may glean from other people in the intercourse of life against your own experience. Accept nothing, believe nothing, until a belief forces itself upon you, forces its roots into every cavity of your consciousness, and becomes an integral part of your way of thought."

SIR HENRY WOOD, the famous British conductor, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on March 4. All tickets for a Commemoration Concert were sold out long before that date, and a long waiting list was established. This picture was taken at Sir Henry Wood's London flat, as he was going over one of his scores

Dr. John Heenan has written a scholarly memoir, in which affection is tempered with a profound respect, of his friend, the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Though by no means a definitive biography, this study gives a strong and clear impression of an extraordinary character whose brilliance of mind was as great as the humanity of his spirit. CARDINAL HINSLEY (Burns Oates. 8s. 6d.) will be welcomed by a very large circle of readers as a tribute to this great priest, who remained a Yorkshire man to the end of his life.

Lord Dunsany has written a story of the German occupation of an unnamed country, presumably in the Balkans, called The Land. When the Germans take over the towns of this country, finding no great armed opposition, no tanks and no anti-aircraft guns, a handful of men is still able to escape into the mountains, where they are determined to continue the fight for freedom. GUERILLA (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) shows the reader one facet of that fight.

At first there are only fifteen men hiding up on the almost inaccessible mountain, but others gradually escape from the town and join them. Their leader is Hlaka, a man who shows no mercy and no compromise ; his only object is to kill as many Germans as possible. The story is told through the young man who is in love with Hlaka's daughter and who fights with the guerillas to defeat the forces which are sent up after them.

From time to time the guerillas steal down from their fastnesses and rescue a person here and a person there from the Nazi-dominated town. Sometimes the dangerous expedition is made to kill a single enemy. Finally, planes are sent to bomb them out of their rock-fortress, and the survivors travel on to an even more remote mountain, to continue their stubborn and magnificent fight.

Lord Dunsany writes of these violent and heroic deeds with a delicacy that is strangely unsuitable against the facts we know of guerilla-fighting. It is a stylised picture of guerillas shown through fine gauze. But it is still a picture to study.

And now for this week's batch of thrillers and detective stories—the two terms not always being synonymous. First of all there is HIGH PAVEMENT (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which combines love-affairs, murder, theatre, repressed spinsterhood and the society of a country town not unlike Bath. The mélange, though bizarre, is effective, and Emery Bonett is to be congratulated on it.

The heroine is, of all unlikely things, a camouflage artist, and is directed to work in Croome, where she finds a billet in the luxurious house of old Mrs. Camelot. This wealthy widow, with her dictatorial methods and salty humour, takes a fancy to the young Robina. Mrs. Camelot is a sort of matriarch without offspring who cherishes the girl for her good looks and independent spirit, and through her Robina comes to know Croome society, its subterranean relationships and its hidden scandals. She also meets the old lady's protégé, Graham Forbes, who is the juvenile lead in the local repertory company, but resists any suggestion that he and she might eventually marry, as she is already in love with her colleague Alastair. When Mrs. Camelot dies, Robina finds that she is to inherit her fortune and, less agreeably, that the town is murmuring that the old lady died no natural death and that Robina was responsible for her end. Together Robina and Alastair set out to solve the mystery and, in clearing one reputation, they disclose a number of unsavoury secrets. Finally, the killer is revealed, and a well-constructed story comes to what thriller-addicts will consider a most satisfactory conclusion. The author writes with conviction and thereby convinces ; more important still, the author writes of reasonable human beings, if you except the creature with the predilection for unlighted gas fires.

A W.A.A.F. OFFICER WITH SIX MEDAL RIBBONS : Flight Officer E. B. Hime, administrative officer now serving at a station of Technical Training Command, volunteered as a V.A.D. in 1914 and was sent to the Balkans. Her decorations include two Montenegrin medals and one gained for services during the Serbian retreat. She has also been decorated by Russia. She was commissioned in the Women's Royal Air Force and served in France. At the outbreak of the present war she re-enlisted and gained her commission in 1940

THE CASE OF THE GILDED FLY (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is more exactly in the category of thrillers, since the deaths are more horrific and the clues more liberally bloodstained. It is not, on the whole, however, more entertaining, in spite of some witty lines and a prodigal display of erudition. I think, in fact, that it was the latter that overwhelmed me and left me with a faint sensation of mental indigestion.

The author is described as "a new writer who calls himself Edmund Crispin," and, whatever his true name is, he is most certainly a gentleman who knows Oxford backwards, forwards and inside out. For his murders take place in the colleges, hotels and theatres of that city, and although these are in every case fictional, the calmer atmosphere of the Senior Common Room and the Porter's Lodge is unmistakably authentic.

There is a repertory theatre in this story, too. One begins to wonder what exquisite torments writers of detective stories have suffered at the hands of these reputable organisations. In this case, it is the scene of much plotting and planning, and many bitter jealousies. Dons, organists and playwrights are also concerned with the story's dark doings, but perhaps the most memorable character, if one can apply that term to it, is the Oxford train, with particular reference to its behaviour between Didcot and that station which Max Beerbohm once called "the last relic of the Middle Ages."

If it is not completely successful as a "who-dunit," this is still an entertaining book ; sufficiently in any case, to warrant mild interest in the author's real identity.

The third thriller is an American one, however suggestive its title is of this country. SIREN IN THE NIGHT (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is another of Miss Leslie Ford's excellent stories of the exploits of Colonel Primrose and his granite-headed attendant Sergeant Buck. This time they are in San Francisco, where the air-raid siren provides a cue for murder in the black-out rather than any onrush of little yellow men in hostile aircraft.

Miss Ford does this kind of thing expertly and well, which is to say that her plot is constructed with immense care and at the same time gives an impression of effortless writing. I think her Colonel Primrose is a bit of a stick, but no one can deny that the chap does solve mysteries, and, after all, isn't that what the police are for ?

The only pleasure I derived from reading Mr. Vardis Fisher's DARKNESS AND THE DEEP (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) was the simple one of being glad that I was not a primitive man—not as primitive, at any rate, as the characters in Mr. Fisher's prehistoric fantasy. For this novel is an attempt to reconstruct existence in prehistoric times, before man had attained speech, when life consisted of primitive lust, dark body-urges, sexual orgies, ugly clubbings to death, fights with the beasts of the field and unmannerly gruntings. Roughly speaking—and that is appropriate enough in the circumstances—the hero Wah is the first artist, the first thinker, the first man to use cunning as well as brute force.

The book describes Wah's nomadic adventures with his mates Murah and Loo, with whom he establishes a slightly more civilised relationship than that enjoyed by his even more polygamous forebears. Briefly, I didn't like this book.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" GOES TO CAIRO : After a successful tour of garrison theatres in the United Kingdom, a production of *The Merry Widow* is now playing in Cairo. The principals are Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott (Mrs. Ritchard in private life), who is seen making up in her dressing-room. Jack Hylton, who presented the operetta in England, provided the extensive wardrobe free of charge

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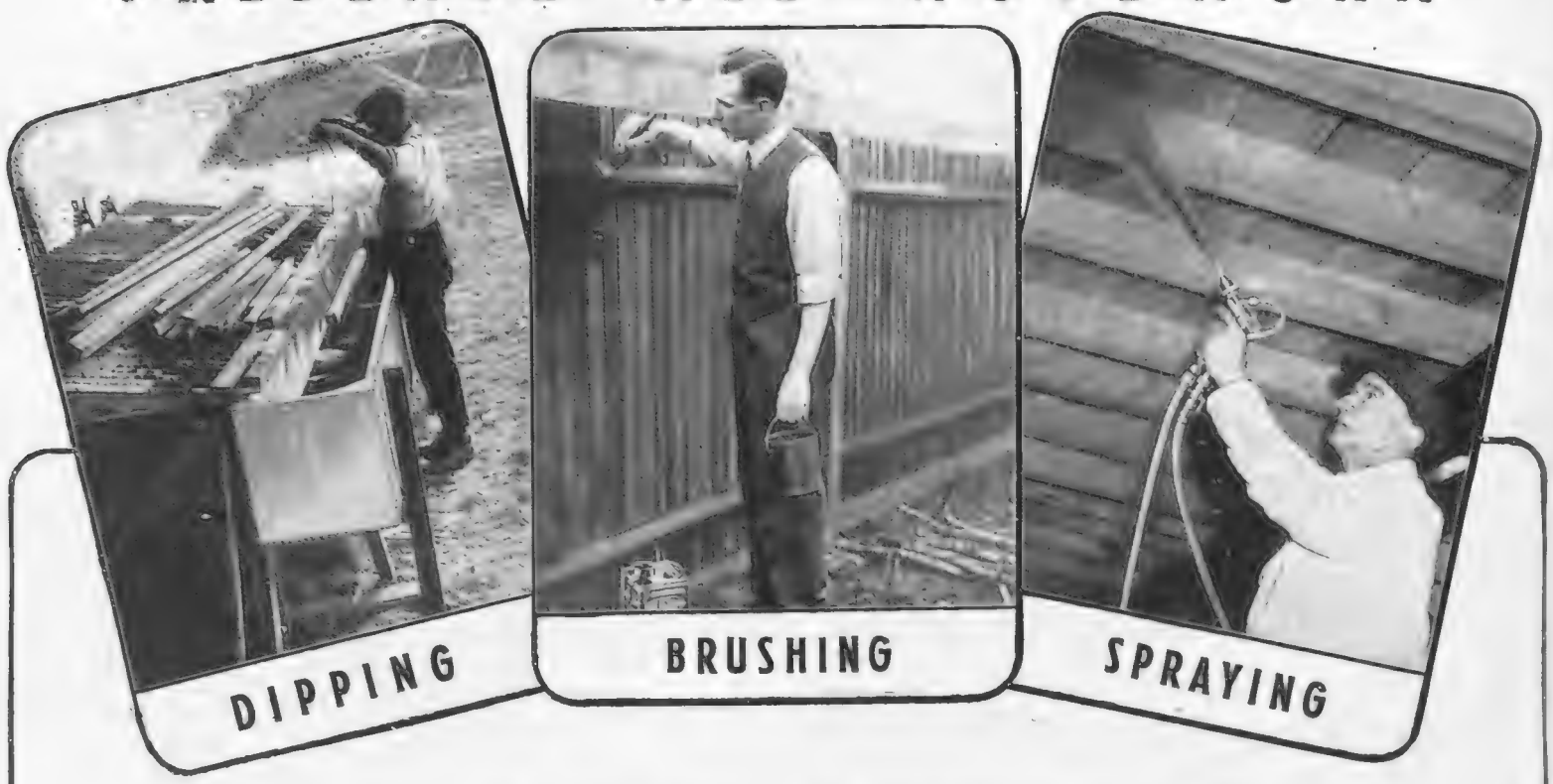

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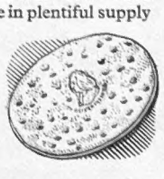

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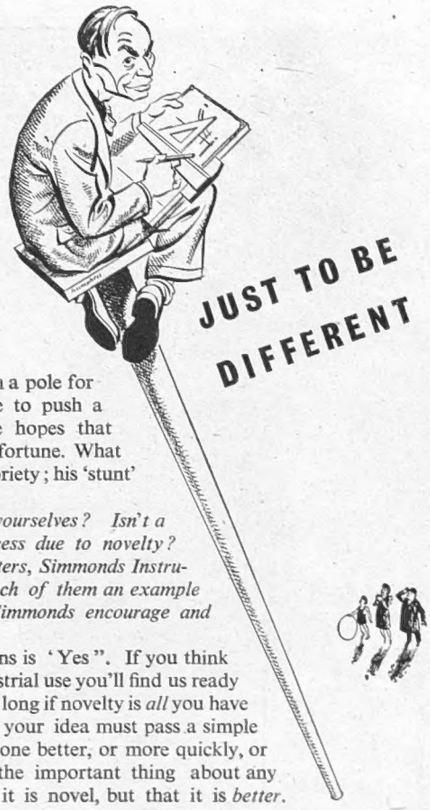

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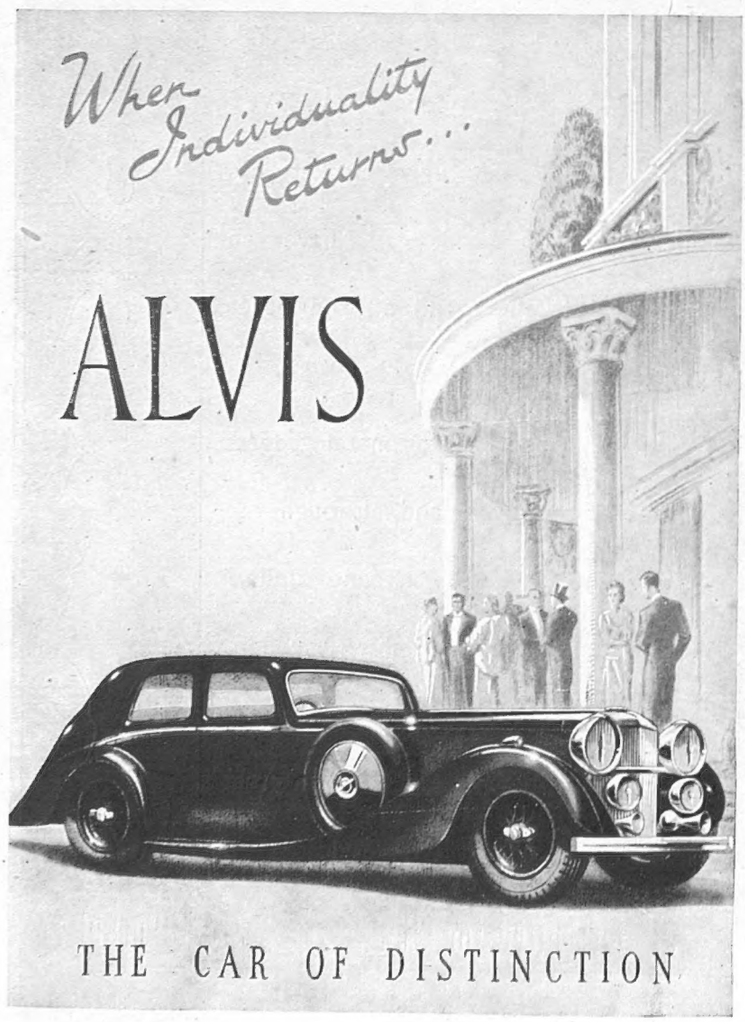

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